40

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MID-AUTUMN BOOKS

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Rome Goes Left
by Paul Johnson

Comments on the Week's News .. 578
The Good Soldier Ike. Robert Bendiner 580
Creating a Nation. Obafemi Awolowo 581
London Diary. Maurice Richardson .. 582
Autumn Fruits. Reginald Reynolds .. 582
This England 583
Rome Goes Left. Paul Johnson .. 583
Miracle on the Nile. Erskine B. Childers 584
Showtime. Lord Montagu of Beaulieu .. 586
Return to Porthperro. Anthony Carson 587

ARTS AND ENTERTAINMENT

The Master of Brno-II. Desmond Shawe-Taylor 588
Legislate for Life. Reyner Banham .. 589
Ondine. Annabel Farjeon 590
Gramophone Records. William Glock 591
Dignity and Impudence. Tom Driberg 592
Bubbles of War. William Whitebait .. 592

CORRESPONDENCE

Lena M. Jeger MP, J. H. Westergaard, B. M. Stewart, Alfred W. Bayes, Catherine Hoskyns, W. Lyon Blease, Anna Bostock, R. J. Gates, Maurice Cornforth, Christopher Sykes, Helen Bastable 593

MID-AUTUMN BOOKS

The Young Man from Grenoble. V. S. Pritchett 595
Mother Get Up, Unbar the Door. Charles Causley 596
An Old Man Dying of Cancer Christopher Levenson 596
A Political Tragedy. John Strachey .. 596
Heavenly Signatures. Kathleen Raine 597
In the Monkey Cage. Lawrence Gowing 598
The Antarctic Knights. Gavin Maxwell 600
Beyond the Parish Pump. Walter Allen 601
The Shade of Revolution. Asa Briggs 602
Lost Traveller. Antonia White 603
Revolution in Cambridge. Raymond Williams 604
The Great Asian Game. Eric Shipton 604
Beryl Grey in Russia. Annabel Farjeon 605
Up to a Point, Lord Copper. Richard Mayne 606
Family Papers. Ralph Partridge .. 607
New Novels. V. S. Naipaul 608
Economics Round-Up 610
Week-end Competition 610
City Lights. Taurus 611
The Chess Board. Assiac 612
Week-end Crossword. Set-square .. 612

The Answer to the Ad-man

THE general election campaign began on Tuesday. Mr Macmillan will choose the exact date with care: May, if things turn out well this winter, October if he has to wait for unemployment to fall. But both parties have now revealed their battle order.

The Queen's Speech puts the finishing touch to the Macmillan plan. With the help of expensive advertising consultants, the Premier has already been built up as a man of peaceful intention abroad and moderate reform at home: his role in the Suez fiasco is conveniently glossed over. Now the brakes are to be taken off the economy – the freeing of hire-purchase is a first step – and the last few months of this parliament are to be used to help the man who wants to buy his house, or get a better pension; to take some of the curse off the 11-plus examination; to reform the penal system and help the mentally sick; to ensure a 'high and stable' level of employment; and to seek disarmament, tranquillity in Cyprus, and the prosperity of the overseas territories.

This will be the theme of the Tory campaign, and it sounds well if the public is not provided with an annotated score. The headline 'Easier Home Loans' is impressive. The man who at last can get a mortgage may not care if public money is being doled out to him through private-enterprise building societies. Bigger pensions? In time, for a few, but the purpose of the new scheme is to relieve the burden of taxes, not the poverty of the aged. Stable employment? Excellent, except for a million families which are paying for the defence of the pound by short-time and unemployment. Cyprus? To describe our present policy as the search for a settlement is hypocrisy. The overseas territories? It is a strange kind of prosperity when we are buying their primary products at rates which are bankrupting them.

Our own 'prosperity', indeed, has been secured at the cost of stagnation. While Mr Macmillan has been in office, production has fallen; one-fifth of our steel capacity is unused; coal stocks pile up in fields and quarries; and the improvement in our balance of payments has been secured by a windfall gain of falling import prices, not by a genuine expansion of trade.

Mr Gaitskell drove this point home in his television appearance on Monday night, and it seems that it will be the central point of Labour's counter-attack. In principle this is the right strategy, just as it is right for the opposition to puncture Mr Macmillan's airy phrases by contrasting the claims with the reality. Mr Gaitskell and Mr Wilson can do this well enough. But will a campaign along these lines – accompanied by an intensive effort to sell Labour's positive programme in the constituencies – be enough to reverse the drift of public opinion?

Mr Gaitskell hopes and believes it will be, because he sees the coming election as a contest in publicity techniques, in which Labour can beat mass persuasion by mass education. Yet such tactics could easily be defensive: Labour could give the impression that it differs from the government in detail rather than purpose – and elections are seldom won by an opposition which claims it will genuinely do what the government is pretending to do. In such cases, the government gets the benefit of the doubt.

How, then, is Labour to break out of the frame which Mr Macmillan has devised for this election, and dictate a new pattern? By putting its demand for expansion in the context of our rapidly deteriorating position in the world. It is all very well to run an auction on the marginal rates of employment, the relative merits of pension schemes, or plans for owning more cars, houses and washing machines. All these are issues that assume our society is built on stable foundations – that this plateau of relative prosperity can be indefinitely maintained. Yet the foundations have begun to decay. Britain is falling behind her competitors – already Germany has pushed us out of third place in production – and we have yet to feel the staggering impact of Communist economic expansion. Someone has to tell the electorate the truth, to treat the voter as a citizen and not as a consumer. We shall soon face the problem of survival unless we remake our industry and our schools at a pace that at present seems unthinkable. This is a task that can best be accomplished by Socialist methods – and it is the real alternative to the ad-man's appeal to the ad-mass.

Comments on the Week's News

Foe into Friend?

Were the situation in the Formosa Strait less serious the Communist decision to shell Quemoy only on odd dates would be richly comic. But there is a political purpose behind this strange game of cat-and-mouse, in which Chiang's forces are urged to strengthen their 'entrenchment for a long time to come'. The Communists are trying to drive a wedge between the Nationalists and the Americans: the aim is to win Quemoy, and ultimately Formosa, by Chinese diplomacy rather than by assault. This may seem an incredible hope, in view of the bitter hostility between Chiang and the Communists, but it is not so unlikely as it seems. Clandestine links between Peking and Formosa have been maintained, and the Communists may well believe that Chiang's successor may be prepared some day to strike a bargain. That would explain why they do not wish this crisis to be settled by the withdrawal of Chiang's garrison from the off-shore islands, or by a cease-fire which could involve their acceptance of an independent Formosa. For that is clearly the drift of US policy. The complex discussion between Chiang and Mr Dulles last week seems to have produced agreement on two issues. First, Chiang has agreed to renounce military means of returning to the mainland: secondly, Chiang is reluctantly prepared to cut down his troops on Quemoy if the Communists stop shelling the island. Mr Dulles clearly wants to get Chiang away from the Fukien coast, where the Nationalist blockade of Amoy and the Communist shelling of Quemoy may involve the US in hostilities with China, and then to consolidate Formosa as 'a free regime' which could still command the loyalty of the overseas Chinese. Thus the US is moving towards a definite 'two Chinas' policy. The Communist objective is just the opposite. So long as Chiang's men remain on Quemoy, and intermittent shelling can keep the crisis alive, the link between the mainland and Formosa is paradoxically maintained. Peking has chosen a logical – if devious – path: turn 'foe into friend' by bidding the Nationalists to preserve the unity of China.

Gloom In Geneva

The Anglo-US refusal to attend the Geneva test-suspension conference at foreign minister level has, as we forecast last week, produced an unfavourable reaction from Russia. Although Russia has not, as some observers predicted, decided to boycott the conference entirely, she has gone back on her earlier hinted promise to suspend tests from 31 October. As Britain and the US have exploded 33 nuclear devices since the abortive Russian suspension this spring, and Russia a mere 16 since she resumed testing recently, there may be some nightmare logic in her contention that she is entitled to make up the difference. But from a strictly military point of view, further tests can bring her but little return, and as a piece of diplomacy her note is spitefully childish. The conference thus begins in an atmosphere of unrelieved pessimism. For this the western powers must bear half the blame. They surely realised that their refusal to respond to Russia's unilateral suspension would provoke her into a further series of tests; equally, they knew that their acceptance of the Russian suggestion that foreign ministers should meet in Geneva would have enabled the conference to start off on a more hopeful footing. By rejecting it, they showed their cynicism about the whole business of disarmament. At Blackpool three weeks ago, Mr Selwyn Lloyd pledged himself to do all in his power to achieve a disarmament agreement. Yet he is not known to have any public engagements for this weekend: presumably, as has now become his custom, he will spend it reflecting in the official splendours of Chequers. British taxpayers, some of whose descendants will probably fall victims to radiation, may well wonder why they should continue to pay his salary.

The Testament of Dr Zhivago

It is difficult to comment with moderation on the treatment which Boris Pasternak has received from the Soviet authorities. His expulsion from the Writers' Union as a penalty for having been offered (he, at first, accepted) the Nobel Prize for Literature is the latest move in the long campaign by the Soviet government to prevent the Soviet people from reading his masterpeice, *Doctor Zhivago*. Why? Because it criticises life in a Communist country? One of the most publicised claims of the 20th Congress was that criticism of authority was to be encouraged in post-Stalin Russia. The story of *Doctor Zhivago*, however, goes further than that: it raises the fundamental question whether the October Revolution has achieved anything worth while in terms of human values. And to ask that question is still to sin against the Communist Holy Ghost. The martyrdom of Pasternak will in the long run recoil on those who ordered it. For a time the ordinary citizens of Russia can be denied the enjoyment of a new and brilliant jewel in their heritage, and one more great man can be sacrificed on the altar of Communist obscurantism. But the price will be high. There is evidence that, despite the embargo, a good many pirated copies of *Doctor Zhivago* are already at large behind the Iron Curtain: indeed the Polish Writers' Union, with characteristically courageous indiscretion, actually sent a telegram of congratulations to Pasternak on his award. The irony is that, with remarkable tact, the Swedish Academy in awarding Pasternak the prize had made no mention of his great novel: the citation referred merely to his achievement as a poet. The scandal now caused by the action of the Soviet authorities will do far more than the award of the Nobel Prize to enhance the black-market value of *Doctor Zhivago* inside Russia and to give point to the great question it poses. As for the world outside, it is hard to know whether pity, anger or contempt is the predominant emotion.

Partition—Yes or No?

Mr Bevan, by an interjection in Tuesday's debate on the Queen's Speech, put his finger on the real obstacle which has blocked a round-table conference on Cyprus. Does the British government still accept partition as an ultimate solution? If not, let it say so. If it does, let nobody be surprised that the Greek Cypriots refuse to take to a conference table at which they would be outvoted the central issue of their struggle for freedom. The idea of partition – first dreamed up as a tactical manoeuvre by Mr. Lennox-Boyd – was always a disaster. It had, however, some plausibility while it could be used as a counter to the campaign for Enosis. Now that Archbishop Makarios has publicly offered to abandon Enosis, partition is either senseless or, at worst, the one device by which the British government (honouring its secret assurances to Turkey) can ensure that no solution is possible. That Mr Macmillan can get away with this fraudulent and indefensible position is largely because neither Makarios himself nor the British Labour Party has been able to force him into public recognition of the new situation which is created once Enosis is ruled out. The Labour leadership has so far been lamentably timid on this issue; but it has also been inevitably embarrassed by the renewed outbreak of Eoka violence at a time when it was tactically essential to drive Mr Macmillan from behind the shelter of public anger and force him into political argument. There is some reason to think that Eoka may now be considering another truce. If it does decide to call off its current offensive, Labour must use the field of manoeuvre thus created to insist that this time the truce is not broken by the British security forces and that Mr Macmillan is forced to state in terms whether or not he still believes in partition.

The New African State.

The birth of a new state with a population of 35 million inhabitants is a momentous event. When it occurs in the prejudice-ridden African continent its significance has unimaginable horizons. Everyone concerned in it is to be congratulated on the success of the Nigerian constitutional conference – the five Prime Ministers, their various peoples, and the Colonial Secretary. Each of the Prime Ministers, federal and regional, has shown a genuine spirit of compromise in giving up some cherished ambition in the cause of common unity. That problems will remain to be faced after independence no one doubts – the minorities problem is shelved not solved; a nationally unifying influence has yet to replace that of British rule. Nevertheless, the most important fact which has emerged is that all these separate and different leaders of the Nigerian peoples have found sufficient in common to agree that they will be ready to set up an independent state on 1 October 1960. The fixing of this date itself will stimulate all in Nigeria and their friends here to ensure that the foundations of the new state are well laid during the next two years.

The Recession Continues

The national income figures issued last weekend show that total production in Great Britain was still falling in the second quarter of 1958, although increases in both consumption and investment took place in comparison with the same part of last year. In real terms, however, the expansion of consumption was very small, whereas investment showed a much more rapid rate of growth – not indeed in fixed investment in capital goods in industry, but mainly in motor cars and similar durable consumer goods, which also showed the greatest rate of expansion in consumer spending. Wages and salaries showed a rise of four per cent. – the smallest for some years past – and profits actually showed a fall of two per cent. Prices were up by about three per cent. on a year previously, though prices of imports had fallen heavily; for this fall had been more than counteracted by the rise in prices of home products. Exports were down by four per cent. – due to a fall in the quantity sold – whereas imports fell by no less than 11 per cent., mainly because prices fell by about nine per cent. At the same time less was being added to stocks. The figures above indicate a continuing recession, in contrast with the latest American figures which are indicative of very rapid recovery. In both countries interest rates have ceased to fall for the time being, in America largely through fears of renewed inflation and in Great Britain through fears of a new balance of payments crisis.

A Great Critic

Desmond Shawe-Taylor, whose contribution this week is the last he will make to this journal, began writing for us some 25 years ago. He was one of Raymond Mortimer's discoveries. Apprentices to the 'back half' of the NEW STATESMAN used in those days to begin with novel reviewing; and the wit and quality of Shawe-Taylor's writing soon showed in the novel reviews over his signature and later in the film notes which he signed Peter Galway. When he came back to us from the war, he concentrated on his first love, music criticism, and soon established himself as one of the very few critics who simply had to be read every week. What combination of qualities it is in a critic that raises him to this class is an interesting question. It is something above the more obvious qualities: readability, good judgment, on-the-spotness – all of which Shawe-Taylor evidently possesses. Perhaps it is that we must also be able to discern heart and authority. However witty and readable a critic is, unless we sense a whole-hearted devotion and loyalty to his subject, we discount him even if we read him. Authority is hard to define. It is not just a question of imposing his opinions on us, rather of forcing us to respect them even when we disagree with them. Shawe-Taylor has both authority and heart. Let us hope that his new readers will appreciate him as much as we have done. More they could not.

News from Our Own Correspondents

Paris

Why the FLN said No

Our Paris Correspondent writes: While General de Gaulle was speaking at his press conference, the left-wing French journalists anxiously studied the faces of their colleagues on the right. In inviting envoys from the FLN to Paris, the General had pronounced the forbidden word 'negotiation' and had accepted what the right has always refused – to recognise the rebel leaders as *interlocuteurs valables*. Although flavoured with panegyrical references to the French army and its chief, General Salan, the General's speech clearly marked a fundamental switch in French policy, and a violent reaction from the protagonists of 'French Algeria' was to be expected. To everyone's astonishment, the next day neither *Le Figaro*, nor *L'Aurore*, nor any other mouthpiece of the Right, dared to criticise de Gaulle. M. de Sérigny alone, in *L'Echo d'Alger*, sounded a note of alarm, but it found an echo only among a handful of extremists. Through lassitude, through fear or through conviction, French opinion thus almost unanimously accepted the principle of a negotiated peace in Algeria, and for the first time in four years the end of the war seemed in sight.

On Sunday morning, the FLN communiqué brutally rejecting de Gaulle's offer caused consternation in Paris, and indicated to what extent these hopes were premature. The insurgent leaders refused to come to Paris to arrange a cease-fire, explaining that the manner in which the invitation was delivered was unacceptable and amounted to a demand for capitulation pure and simple. Their arguments shocked French opinion by their violence and totally failed to take into account the delicacy of de Gaulle's relations with the army and the right-wing of his supporters. In the view of the left, the communiqué was both a tactical and psychological error, calculated to drive the General to the right and prolong the war.

Why did the FLN do it? In the first place, it must be remembered that the communiqué was not a sudden and unpremeditated move. It should be seen against the background of several weeks of negotiation, in which the FLN leaders – through their envoy M. Farès, the ex-President of the Algerian Assembly, who has made several journeys between Paris and Tunis recently – have had the opportunity to explore de Gaulle's real intentions and to form a judgment on the scope and validity of his offer. They seem to have reached the conclusion that de Gaulle merely wanted their surrender – even though he was prepared to make it an 'honourable' one. Hence their reply was based rather on the secret talks than on the text of his public offer. Indeed, they were irritated that the offer was made at all: they wanted the talks to remain private until a much wider measure of agreement had been reached.

Secondly – and this is much more debatable – the reply may have been influenced by the state of mind of the FLN military commanders. According to information reaching Paris, they were unanimous in opposing negotiation on the terms laid down by the General. They objected violently to his suggestion that the army was on the eve of victory, and that the 'success' of the September referendum proved it. This showed, according to them, that de Gaulle was psychologically incapable of admitting the concept of Algerian autonomy, let alone independence, and that it was therefore more important than ever to explain to Moslem opinion, by rejecting his offer outright, that he was no better than his predecessors of the Fourth Republic.

But does the intransigence of the *maquis* spring from strength or weakness? According to one theory, de Gaulle's offer and his prestige among the Moslem masses have weakened the FLN to such a point that acceptance of negotiations would lead to the disintegration of the FLN military machine. According to another, the military commanders now feel strong enough to launch another winter campaign. At the moment, they believe, the climate of opinion would favour France in any negotiations; but after another six months of fighting, de Gaulle – and most Frenchmen – would be willing to offer better terms.

Whatever the explanation, nobody has emerged from this fiasco with enhanced reputation. The FLN has lost ground among its liberal supporters in France. De Gaulle's prestige, too, has suffered · for the first time somebody has said 'No' to him in unmistakable terms. Nevertheless, the secret negotiations are still continuing, and pressure is now being brought to bear on Paris by Morocco. The FLN seem to be demanding two substantial concessions: first that de Gaulle postpone the elections, to allow the negotiations to mature. Secondly, that he prove his good faith by a spectacular gesture: the release of Ben Bella, the most brilliant of the FLN leaders, who was captured through the perfidy of the Mollet government back in 1956.

Fleet Street

Not-So-Hidden Persuaders

Those who embrace the myth – and it is a very commonly held one – that Fleet Street is subject to sinister pressures from big advertising interests are for the most part living in a nightmare without any foothold in reality. Even such few attempts as are made usually receive a dusty answer. Newspapers, of course, can live only by advertisements. For this reason it is true that they are under considerable compulsion to produce the kind of paper that the advertising industry likes – not in the sense of necessarily agreeing with everything it says or does, but of being the kind of paper that will appeal to and influence the right sort of consumer. But, although newspapers live by advertisements, they must, even to put it no higher, from the standpoint of their value to advertisers, retain their own independence and integrity. And this independence must be both real and demonstrable.

It is because of this that a development which, although particularly noticeable in the economically weak, is now becoming more and more common among practically all newspapers, seems to me so dangerous and deplorable. I mean the increasing habit of seeking revenue by the production of advertising supplements – two, four or even more pages – masked as editorial matter. There have, of course, always been a certain number of advertising supplements and there are occasions when they are appropriate. It is natural, for instance, that when, say, the Motor Show is on, motor trade advertisements and motoring articles should be brought together on the same pages to produce a feature of topical interest. But during recent months it has become almost impossible to take an evening paper or, for that matter, several of the national dailies for more than a day or two without finding oneself confronted with acres of special articles flanked by advertisements on such things as men's wear, do-it-yourself decorating, pipe smoking, beauty treatment and practically every other subject that can in any way be dressed up to look as if its treatment was an editorial service of some kind or another.

Dummies are drawn up, advertisers canvassed, special positions booked – after which feature writers are instructed to produce the necessary articles to fill up the blank spaces with the right compound of knowingness and enthusiasm. By these means it is hoped that advertisers who will not come into the paper for its regular readership appeal – or will not do so as often as the advertising director would like – can be induced to book space because of 'a special appeal': or because their rivals have already been persuaded to take space. I know that many of the largest advertisers dislike this development intensely. They have told me so. However, they feel themselves in many cases compelled to support it: they apparently believe they cannot afford to be missing from something that their competitors have been persuaded by some means or another to patronise. The remedy for this is in their own hands. What is much more serious from the general standpoint of the press is the debasement of journalism that flows from the increasing newspaper dependence upon such methods.

Many newspaper readers may be simple-minded but they are hardly so simple-minded as not to recognise large-scale advertisement puffs when they are put under their noses day after day—and to draw conclusions, which may in fact be the wrong ones, about the independence and trustworthiness of what appears in the rest of the paper. Moreover, in order to increase the appeal of the flanking editorial matter in these advertising features, staff writers who have established for themselves some following and reputation in their normal editorial work are being required to write copy under their own names. The effect of such 'puff' articles is to deceive readers into believing that the paper is providing them with independent judgments on the subject—and the advertised goods—embraced in the 'supplement'. I know of no journalist who does not deplore what is now happening. But the staff writer finds himself in a difficult position. The restraints imposed upon him tend to be unspoken rather than explicit. But he knows, just as well as the advertisement man who puts up the idea, what the real purpose is and what is expected of him—and if he doesn't do it he is proving unco-operative at a time when things are difficult. He is not asked to be dishonest, merely helpful.

The effect of all this seems to me to be threefold. It undermines the reputation of the individual writer. It undermines the reputation of the paper. And it makes for confoundedly dull papers. No papers can carry four, or even two, pages of flannel in a 12- or 16-page paper without taking the edge off the reader's appetite. It is, in fact, a short cut to revenue at the cost of damaging long-term assets of vital importance to every paper's existence—its sparkle and vitality and its own and its writers' reputation for independence. Of course, many newspapers are finding the going rough just now. The close-down of more provincial papers—the latest is the *Liverpool Evening Express*—is evidence of that. But the way to get over it is by letting journalists produce better journalism, not by turning them into blurb writers.

FRANCIS WILLIAMS

The Good Soldier Ike

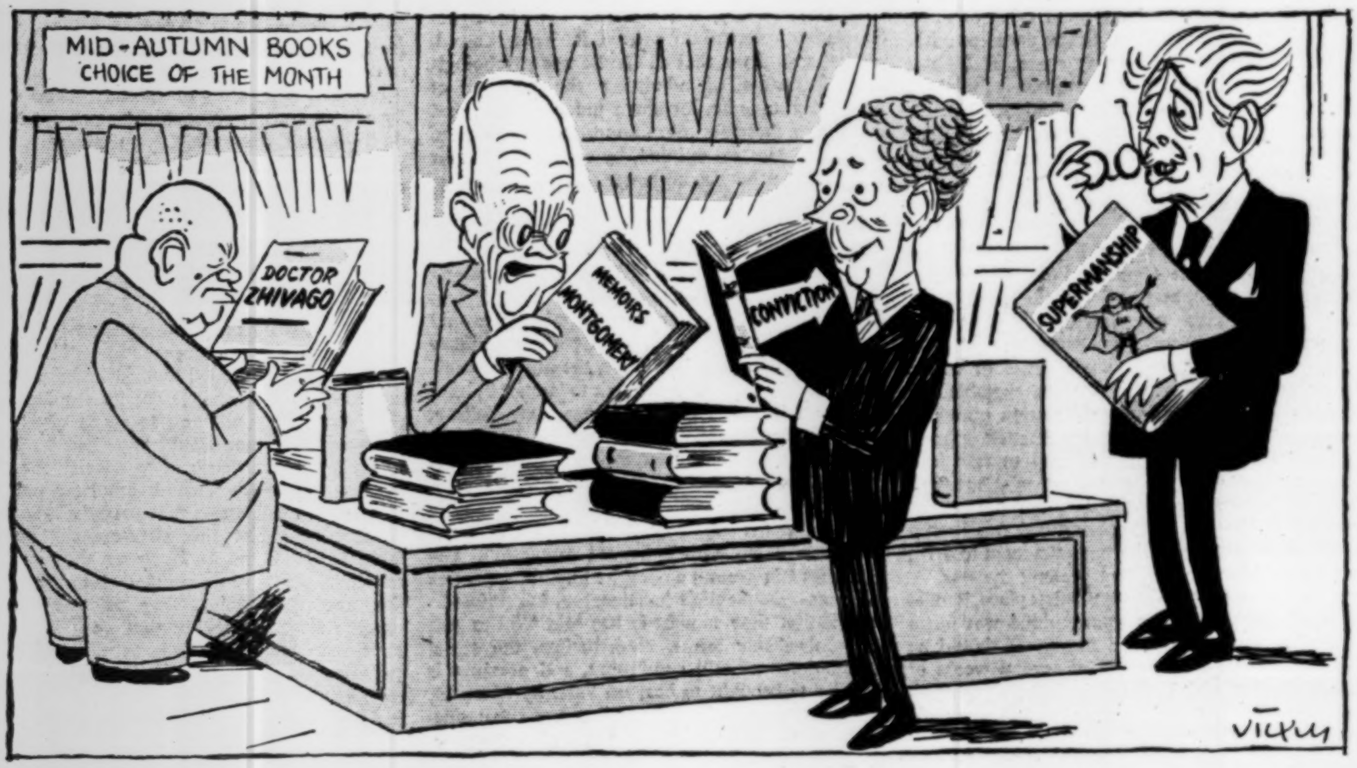
ONCE more the Good Soldier Ike has given his all to his party. Not one to relish the strain and rough-house of campaigning, he has nevertheless come down from the summit to warn that the 'Democrat Party', a term left over from McCarthy days, is permeated with 'radicals', to accuse it of 'merchandising doubt and fear', and to propose that the labour unions be 'fumigated'. Only a few days after deploring Vice-President Nixon's injection of foreign policy into partisan debate he was out in California talking of 'Democratic wars' and 'Republican peace', and boasting that in the six years of his administration 'no new victim has fallen to Communist imperialism'. With more than four million Americans still out of work, he says, like an echo of Herbert Hoover, 'things are good and getting better every day'.

To this type of electioneering, to which, to his credit, he brings little in the way of natural gifts, the President was plainly propelled by Mr Nixon, whose talents in the field are outstanding. When the President and Secretary of State Dulles, aided strangely by Harry S. Truman, tried to keep foreign policy out of the campaign, Nixon boldly laid down the political law to his elders: 'One of the reasons the Republican Party is in trouble today is because . . . we have allowed people to criticise our policies and we have not stood up and answered effectively. That's a mistake. I don't intend to make that mistake in this campaign.' Converted at once by this show of defiance in the face of enemy fire, which has in truth been pathetically light, Dulles said he 'fully concurred', and Mr Eisenhower then made a fine distinction between the 'fundamentals' of foreign policy and its 'operation', which of course should be debated. Whereupon he took to the stump himself with a series of Nixon-like speeches prepared by a new and vigorous ghost.

While most liberals would agree with Nixon, rather than Truman, on the propriety of making foreign policy a campaign issue, there is considerable wonder that the Vice-President has chosen to treat this year's election, on any count, as a vote of confidence in the Administration. Hardly a day goes by that some poll does not predict dire results for the Republicans. A hard-working survey team of the *New York Times* cautiously foresees a Democratic gain of 15 to 40 seats in the House and ten to 14 in the Senate. Of 50 Washington political correspondents, not one sees the Republicans increasing their strength by a single seat in either chamber. Yet here is Nixon posing the coming vote as an answer to the specific question: 'Have the policies of the Eisenhower Administration been good for the country and for you?'

Unless the signs and portents are even more untrustworthy this year than they were in 1948, Eisenhower will have little reason to thank the Vice-President for this service. It should leave him for two years a lame-duck President weighted down with a vote of no-confidence. Nixon is surely aware of the risk—to Eisenhower—but is willing to impose it as the party's best bet in a desperate situation. The theory appears to be that what passes for the left and centre of the Republican line is already lost, and the only hope is to salvage the right.

That this is the Nixon strategy is all but proved by the exception he is willing to make of the state of New York, where a good slice of the liberal and independent vote is still within the Republican reach. Nelson Rockefeller is plainly counting on it to get him elected Governor. It is all right in California and Wisconsin to characterise leading Democratic Senators as 'radicals' and to make war and peace a partisan issue. But in New York Nixon is careful to deny that there is a 'war party' at all, to make foreign policy once more a bipartisan matter, and even to pay tribute to his old foe Harry Truman as a 'gallant warrior'. Even



so, Rockefeller has taken pains to dissociate himself from both the old Nixon and the new Ike, especially with respect to fumigating trade unionists. Possibly suspecting that New Yorkers may have noted discrepancies in the Vice-President's attitudes, depending on where he speaks, Rockefeller has studiously avoided sharing platforms with him in New York and indeed limited contact with him to a private breakfast. In the circumstances there is greatly increased talk that if Rockefeller wins the governorship the two will clash at the next Republican convention.

Whatever the shrewdness of Nixon's calculations and in spite of the reluctant willingness of Eisenhower to get into the arena, there are no indications that, with the possible exception of New York, the Republicans will find much to comfort them on 5 November. They have simply not had the issues. Just when truce in the Formosa Strait looked like a good selling point, the Communists resumed the shelling of Quemoy. Other aspects of the Administration's foreign policy – specifically reciprocal trade and various aid programmes – are best left unmentioned. Without heavy Democratic support in Congress they would have been wrecked, and to most of the conservative Republicans who are now being wooed the first is an abomination and the second a 'give-away'.

Other appeals have fallen similarly flat. It is true, as the President points out, that the number of unemployed dropped by 600,000 in the month of September, but it is still 1,500,000 more than it was last September and much higher, by percentage, than it was in the 1956 Eisenhower campaign. What's more, the recession has hit hardest in the Mid-west, an area of the country where the Republican Party normally looks for its greatest show of strength. At the same time, efforts to scare conservatives, especially the business community, with pictures of a wild, free-spending Democratic Congress appear to have little effect. Samuel Lubell, who does all his own polling, and with great success, reports disillusionment and grumbling on the right – complaints that the Administration has done nothing to reduce taxes or balance the budget.

The most obvious foreseeable result of the election is an important reinforcement of liberal Democratic strength in the Senate. In California's turbulent and highly important election – it seems likely to finish the political career of the conservative Senator Knowland and indirectly to do Nixon's no good – Clair Engle is expected to win Knowland's old seat, a considerable gain for the forces of light. In Minnesota, Eugene McCarthy, now a Representative, has a hard fight to win a senatorial toga, largely because he is a Catholic in a Lutheran state, but if he succeeds he will bring enough statesmanship to the chamber to wipe out the memory of another McCarthy.

A militant internationalist and, like McCarthy, a professor by calling, Gale McGee has a good chance of being elected from Wyoming, and there is a fair possibility that Nevada will send Howard Cannon, an urbane and world-minded Democrat to the Senate to replace George 'Molly' Malone, a rabid isolationist whose pet aversions are English royalty, free trade, and foreign policy, no matter what it is. Edmund Muskie, the wonderman from Maine, has already been elected, and other liberal possibilities are Philip A. Hart, a Michigan protegé of Governor Williams; Frank Hogan, in spite of his being the choice of Tammany Leader De Sapio; Harrison Williams, now a capable Representative from New Jersey; and E. L. Bartlett, who is certain to be one of Alaska's first pair of Senators.

Add these, or most of them, to the New Deal-Fair Deal bloc already in the Senate and it will become the dominant power in the chamber. Given a lame-duck President and a demoralised Republican Party, it is not hard to imagine the impact both on domestic issues and foreign policy. Obviously Nixon has imagined it already. The country has nothing to fear on economic issues, he told a Wisconsin audience last week, from Southern Democrats like Byrd, Russell, and Lyndon Johnson, but 'if the radical bloc substantially increases its strength, the present Democratic leadership in the House and Senate will not be running the show'. With the 86th Congress still to be elected, the Republican leadership is already moving to team up with the Southern Democrats, even as it did in the palmy days of the New Deal. But this time there is the highly aggravated race issue to come between them and make trouble.

ROBERT BENDINER

Creating a Nation

The author of this article on the Nigerian constitutional conference is Premier of the West Region of Nigeria.

WHEN we sat down – five premiers in search of a nation – in Lancaster House on 29 September for the resumed Nigerian Constitutional Conference, I am sure all of my colleagues were aware of the dire predictions which had been made about our meeting. For months, we had heard from those who said that the regions would never be able to agree upon one constitution for one Nigeria. Although I knew in my heart there were certain issues upon which I could not compromise, I was optimistic from the start that our meeting would be crowned with the success which we sought – independence for Nigeria.

Now, some five weeks later, the gavel has fallen upon the final session of our meeting. We have the promise of independence in 1960. We have a constitution which is, by and large, acceptable to us all. The pessimists have been confounded, for we have drafted our plans. The question is, will they work?

The answer to this question will be found in the months to come. It will be found not in the words which have been reduced to paper, but in the good faith which the United Kingdom government shows in helping us through the difficult but edifying days that lie ahead.

For Nigeria will succeed in taking its place as the largest nation in Africa only if certain pledges and undertakings, to which Britain has become party over the conference table, are carried out. Our hope of one Nigeria will be realised only if, during the months before independence, the British government ensures the operation of democratic processes in the Federation and, after independence, continues to be a true friend and collaborator.

Nigeria has often been referred to as a geographical conception, and the problem which we have faced in drafting a constitution has been to make of it a nation. It is the belief of my party, the Action Group, that, in order to weld the diverse peoples of Nigeria and the British Cameroons into a single nation, we must, in addition to our new constitution, have a national political life, with well disciplined and country-wide political organisations. Accordingly, we insisted that fundamental human rights must be written into our constitution and that the control over our police force must be so balanced that it would ensure the people's rights to freedom of speech, assembly and religion. These safeguards have been entrenched in the constitution to our satisfaction. In the period before independence, much of the responsibility of enforcing these rights will devolve on British officials. We shall have to rely upon them for the implementation of the assurances given at the conference table that abuses of human freedom in Northern Nigeria will be ended.

My party came to the conference seeking the creation of three new states in Nigeria – one new state to come out of each of the present regions. The new constitution will allow this matter to come before the people after independence. But we are of the opinion that, if new states are created before independence, the Nigerian venture will have a greater chance of survival than otherwise. We firmly believe that it is possible, if the will is there, for the three new states already demanded to be created before the date of independence on 1 October 1960.

The Minorities Commission – which did not support the demand for new states – argued that the safeguards of human rights and joint control of the police force would allay the fears of the minority groups. We have argued most strenuously that the safeguards are totally inadequate to allay the latter's fears. We have told the Secretary of State and the other members of the conference that we consider ourselves free to continue, by all constitutional means, to campaign for the creation of these three new states before independence. If we win the federal election in 1959, as we hope and pray we shall, we shall not hesitate to make strong representations to Britain for the three states to be created before the day of independence.

It has been repeated almost *ad nauseam* that the cohesive force which binds all the diverse peoples of Nigeria together is British rule. When that rule has been withdrawn, the unity of Nigeria will, in our view, have to be maintained by a number of factors operating together – a popular constitution, national political parties and, above all, the consent of the people themselves to remain in one or other of the units constituting the Federation of Nigeria.

In Pakistan, as elsewhere, we have seen the results which have followed upon compromise of fundamental principles, indecision and procrastination in establishing new governments where colonies once existed. It is our belief that our conference here has taken the first step towards national stability by the type of constitution which it has succeeded in producing.

If, in addition, Britain continues faithfully to discharge its responsibilities to Nigeria in the period before independence, and if Nigerian leaders are keenly alive to their sacred trust, we of the Action Group are confident that the vexed issue of the creation of new states can be settled by the people themselves through democratic processes. For it is by means of these processes alone that the individual citizens of a free Nigeria will enjoy freedom and happiness under the law, both now and after 1 October 1960.

OBAFEMI AWOLOWO

NEXT WEEK

What's Wrong with Sport

A Special Investigation by J. P. W. MALLALIEU

Those Set in Authority over Us

by MALCOLM MUGGERIDGE

A. J. P. TAYLOR *writes the* **London Diary**

London Diary

I GOT trapped in a lift with an infant prodigy at about the time of the Queen's Speech. A North London schoolboy genius with sharp features and a preternaturally long head, he looked about 13. If so he must have had an IQ of around 300. He was maniacally loquacious. His views were those of one of Wells's open conspirators. Politics must become scientific. That was the first thing. The Labour Party was a shade less benighted than the Tories, of course, who were positively sinister, but it wouldn't *do*. All those trade unionists and journalists with hardly a scientist among them! You couldn't count economists. Economics wasn't a proper science. How would he safeguard our democratic liberties? Quite simple. Government by plebiscite. Install a giant computing machine in the Houses of Parliament. I was going to ask him who would write the Queen's Speech: Fred Hoyle or the Electronic Brain? when we were released. He darted away into the blue-grey morning gripping his slide-rule case like a baton in a relay race. God help anyone who runs up against him in a television programme.

* * *

Zen Buddhism seems to be catching on in America. You see cartoons in the *New Yorker* about it. The University of Chicago's quarterly *Chicago Review* has just devoted an entire special issue to it. There is an article by Alan Watts, 'Beat Zen,. Square Zen, and Zen', aimed at heading off members of the younger generation, who are inclined to treat Zen as an excuse for a nihilist orgy. An eclectic Japanese psycho-analyst, Akihisa Kondo, recommends the value of sitting still and offers some comfort to anxiety sufferers by pointing out that anxiety is an indispensable preliminary to enlightenment. Another contributor claims a connection between Zen and the work of Wittgenstein, whose own description of his philosophical purpose – to get the fly out of the bottle – reminds him of a Zen koan. H'm. There is something distinctly piquant about the infiltration of oriental philosophy into American intellectual circles at the present time. Zen is entirely apolitical, but its ancestral Chinese form of Taoism may have a certain affinity with dialectical materialism, especially Mao's brand. According to Holmes Welch, an American journalist and a contributor to the *New Yorker*, whose study of the Taoist movement *The Parting of the Way* was published over here this autumn, the Chinese government recently approved instruction in Taoist hygiene at a new institute in Peking – perhaps as part of the campaign to revitalise traditional Chinese medicine. Also Taoist, perhaps, is the notion of shelling Quemoy on alternate days.

* * *

In this country, although interest in Zen is steadily increasing, there has been nothing like the American wave. Mr Watkins, the bookseller of Cecil Court, who specialises in Vedantist and Buddhist literature, says that Zen is too tough and intellectualist for our British lunatic fringe. Flying saucers are what they go for in bulk. He shakes his gnomish head disapprovingly. No wonder some people call Charing Cross Road Paranoia Row.

* * *

Students of British advertising assure me that the American method of appealing to the deep unconscious urges are being used over here. (This is not to be confused with subliminal communication, in which the stimulus, or message, enters the public's nervous system below the normal threshold, and which the Institute of Practitioners in Advertising has forsworn.) One example that has been pointed out to me is the dream-like advertisement for underclothes. This is intended to appeal to the exhibitionistic urge to undress in public. Another is the advertisement in which beer is obviously associated with masculine virility and potency. In some cases the phallic connotation which has been given to the illustrations is noticeable and crude. I wonder if it sells. It is, of course, the dream of advertisers to secure for a product the reputation of being an aphrodisiac. Sometimes this is done indirectly by one of those rumours or sibs – short for sibilants – which have a curiously indirect and oblique angle. One of these concerns the famous alleged aphrodisiac properties of cocoa. According to it, one tin in every few hundred contains seeds of the Yohimbe tree; this is a favourite with West African witch doctors for love potions; chemists have, indeed, extracted an alkaloid, Yohimbin, from it that has curious properties. How do the Yohimbe seeds reach the cocoa plantations? Easy; wind-blown, or insect-carried. I wonder whether the Conservative Party's new advertising agents will start spreading sibs about the aphrodisiac quality of the Tory brand-image.

* * *

That beautiful dark olive, black-spotted constrictor snake, the Anaconda, has for long been a victim of Amazonian travellers' tales. An unusually slanderous misrepresentation of it in a tabloid prompted me to drop into the Reptile House to pay my respects. This is my favourite Zoo house, especially on a blue autumn Sunday afternoon. The cages glow like jewel-cases. The green of some of the elegant tree-snakes, the Mamba, and a recent new arrival, the Australian Tree Python, is unique, the true living green. the bloated Gaboon Viper has an exquisite pattern like the rug you would find only in Onassis' yacht. Snakes in captivity – unlike the tragic gorilla across the way – seem not sad. Yet I never visit the Reptile House without being reminded of that dreadful day which is known in its history as Bloody Sunday, 3 September 1939. The Chamberlain government, unprepared for war in almost every other respect, had not forgotten the Reptile House. The Cabinet thought that the possibility of the migration of poisonous snakes, liberated by bombing, might cause a panic. It issued a directive that the moment war was declared every venomous reptile in the Zoo should be liquidated. No sooner had Chamberlain uttered the words: 'We are in a state of war with Germany' than the staff of the Reptile House began the frightful work of decapitation. 'It was dreadful,' said Mr Budd, who was head keeper at the time and had a lot of affection for his charges. 'There we were, chopping away for hours, slaughtering hundreds and hundreds of pounds worth of valuable reptile.' I believe that with the connivance of the Curator he was able to save the lives of a few specimens, tending them in carefully concealed hiding places, like a devoted servitor preserving royalist children during the civil war.

* * *

I added a new item to my collection of medical rationales last week. It appears that the use of aspirin, or rather salicylic acid, which is its effective principle, for the treatment of rheumatism was originated by some intuitive genius who noticed that willow trees thrive in damp surroundings and live to an advanced age without groaning and complaining of their joints. The bark of the willow is rich in salicylic acid, hence the name. Therefore why not try salicylic acid derivatives on the suffering human? Instances of sympathetic magic of this kind are to be found at the basis of a number of medical treatments. Sometimes a 5,000-year-old empiric is rediscovered and brought up to date. An example of this is the herb, *rauwolfia*, which the Hindus used for treating the insane, and is now one of the most promising of the new tranquillisers. Sometimes a treatment based on a total misconception lingers on. One such is the prescription of strong evil-smelling drugs, like valerian and *assafoetida*, for hysteria. This continued well into the present century; and if you were to scour the backwoods of general practice you might even find it being ordered today, though probably not on the NHS. It was based on the theory that hysteria was caused by the womb breaking loose from its moorings and roaming about the body. Despite the anatomical confusion, Shakespeare must have had this in mind when he made Lear say: 'Hysterica passio! Down thou climbing mother!'

* * *

The detective officer in charge of the case was getting testy. 'I can't understand,' he said, 'what all the fuss is about. If the suspect's hair was originally black and he has, as you allege, dyed it blond for purposes of disguise, he can either be remanded in custody until the hair has returned to its normal colour or compelled to wash out the dye, whereupon witnesses may be able to identify him.' His subordinate scratched his head. 'Yes, sir,' he said, 'but the trouble is that since we have been interrogating him, sir, we have reason to believe his hair has gone white.'

MAURICE RICHARDSON

Autumn Fruits

(Dedicated to the British Council of Churches, the British Travel and Holidays Association and the National Council of Women.)

In Conferencial places,
  Year after dreary year,
Those seasonable faces
  Are certain to appear;
The Bellman goes a-swimmin'
  (His recipe to slim)
But Regiments of Women
  I much prefer to him.

The stout hotel proprietors
  Discuss the colour bar
Unhampered by those rioters
  Or anything to jar;
And no one ever heckles
  Their *laissez-faire* approach
(Egged on by David Eccles,
  The governmental coach).

The Churches – still uncertain
  What murders they condemn –
Pull down the Cyprus curtain
  And bleat of Bethlehem . . .
God bless the gals at Leamington
  Who voted down the birch –
The rolling-pin and the Remington
  Are tougher than the Church

The struthious persons nattered,
  Hoteliers confabbed –
It never really mattered:
  We always had 'em tabbed.
Those women might have taught 'em
  If they could learn at all –
Roll on another Autumn,
  Roll on another Fall!

REGINALD REYNOLDS

This England

Prizes: £1 for the first entry and 5/- for each of the others printed. Paste entries on a postcard.

The judge who wants the word 'woman' always to be used in court instead of 'lady' makes my blood boil. I have repeatedly read of insolent reference in the courts to a British lady as 'Jones', 'Williams', and so on. It is time judges learned manners; and that British women stood up for their decent rights. – Letter in *Daily Mail*. (N F. Pilkington.)

This question is rather an embarrassing one. Recently my brother, his wife and a friend of my brother, a very shy young man I hadn't met before, came to dinner.

My brother and sister-in-law both knew the layout of the flat. I felt I ought to tell the shy young man where the lavatory was, but didn't know how to put it. Can you tell me? – Letter in *Woman*. (Michael Hard.)

High-ranking Officers Vests & Pants. Extra fine weave, all wool. – Advert. in *The Times*. (R. G. Lofting.)

Rome Goes Left

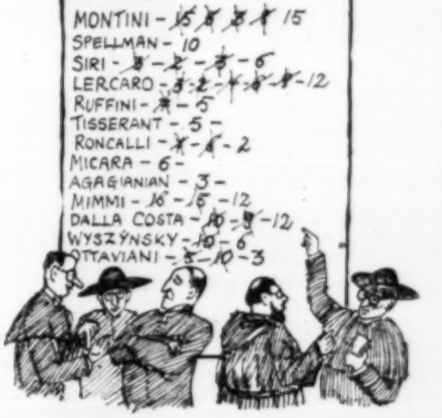
WHAT happens when a dictatorship is abruptly transformed into an oligarchy? When Stalin died in 1954 there were no precedents to guide his colleagues on the Central Committee, and in the ensuing rough and tumble at least one of them was killed. But the Roman Catholic Church has been doing precisely this sort of thing for a thousand years, and the events of the past fortnight in the Vatican, though scarcely very edifying, have at least been predictable and even relatively peaceful.

Some hard blows, however, were struck and received. Nineteen years is a long reign for a pope, and Pius XII was a man of strong views and idiosyncrasies. An autocrat who loathed delegating authority – he never appointed a Secretary of State – he was nevertheless very susceptible to advice from personal attendants and hangers-on, and during the last ten years of his life a distinctly Byzantine atmosphere permeated the papal apartments. Among the people around Pius who counted, there was only one – Tardini, the pro-Secretary of State – who commanded any respect in the Church. The rest were courtiers pure or simple. There was Sister Pasqualina, the German housekeeper, whose help in fixing a private audience was often essential and who encouraged Pius in his drift to Mariolatry. There was Galleazzi-Lisi, the Pope's doctor; his brother, Count Galleazzi, the papal architect; and other strange medical figures, such as Niehans, the Swiss expert on rejuvenation, who injected the Pope with animal-glands. There were two German Jesuits – the Pope's confessor and chaplain – and the powerful Jesuits of Vatican Radio. Finally, there were the three papal nephews, Princes Carlo, Giulio and Marcantonio Pacelli, all active in the legal and financial labyrinth of the Vatican.

Naturally, this set-up was resented by the Cardinals – and in particular by Cardinal Tisserant, the Dean, and the five big magnates of the Curia, led by Cardinal Canali, who runs the financial Congregation (they are known, collectively, as the 'Pentagon'). Though they still controlled the congregational committee-system, they were virtually excluded from decisions affecting diplomacy or dogma (all six French cardinals, for instance, bitterly opposed the dogma of the Assumption). Pius was often too busy to see his cardinals, particularly the foreign ones on their rare visits to Rome; and he sometimes flatly refused to receive senior bishops and archbishops, even though they might have journeyed thousands of miles. On the other hand, as they pointed out bitterly, he always seemed to have time to deliver long speeches to visiting delegations of gynæcologists or plumbers and never declined a private audience with Catholic film stars (his very last was with Alec Guiness). Finally, Pius appeared to indicate his dislike for the Sacred College by refusing to fill its vacancies – there were 15 at the time of his death.

Hence, when Galleazzi-Lisi finally brought himself to sign the death certificate, Tisserant, his beard flowing fiercely, descended on Castel Gandolfo with flaming sword. The Pasqualina was given exactly seven hours to pack her Gladstone bags. The princely nephews were told to make themselves scarce and not to talk to the press. Lisi might have proved a more difficult proposition, for he held innumerable official appointments, but he played straight into Tisserant's hands. First, he sold his medical diary to the press. This is not necessarily a serious offence in the Vatican, for many officials have to supplement their meagre stipends by selling information, but it provided a technical excuse for dismissing him. Secondly – and fatally – he botched the papal embalmment. Instead of using the traditional Egyptian method, in which the intestines are removed, he attempted to embalm the body entire, and the consequences were both disastrous and very discernible. This turned the Romans against him, and within 48 hours the police – as well as Tisserant – were advising him not to show his face in the city. What happened to the German Jesuits is not known; they seem just to have disappeared. (A rumour, started by the Communist *Unita*, that the Pope's secret diary had been smuggled out of the Vatican and sold to the German embassy, may have made their position difficult.)

Having cleared out the courtiers, the cardinals then got down to serious haggling among themselves. Tisserant received an initial setback, for he failed to secure his election as Chamberlain: the post went to the more popular Masella. During the week before the conclave opened the cardinals met every morning and, as their colleagues streamed in from all parts of the world, two distinct schools of thought began to emerge. The Curia cardinals, having suffered under Pius for two decades, were anxious to choose a healthy reactionary like themselves, who would allow them to play their traditional policy-making role, but at the same time would keep a firm grip on the overseas provinces and slap down experiments. The *autonomisti*, on the other hand – led, naturally, by the French – wanted more devolution. Both groups could muster a blocking vote of 17, but neither the 35 votes necessary for an election. Three further factors contributed to the impasse. Pius in his Bull, *Vacantis Apostolicae Sedis*, had laid it down that the balloting for his successor must be secret, and this made the bargaining process much trickier. He himself, so the cardinals complain, had failed to keep any of his private election promises, so this time they were naturally more suspicious of each other. Finally, and most important, by failing to fill up the College, Pius had narrowed the choice of *papabili*. In 1939, there were about 30 cardinals who, by reason of their age, training and background, were suitable compromise candidates, and only three ballots were required. This week, there were scarcely half-a-dozen *papabili* and the only suitable 'neutral', Roncalli, was 76. The *autonomisti* would undoubtedly have preferred a youngish active man with progressive ideas, such as Montini or Agagianian. But the first was not a member of the College and the second was a 'foreigner'. I suspect, therefore, that they switched at an early stage to Roncalli who, though elderly, is still vigorous, is a firm friend of the French, a supporter of the worker-priest movement, and carried his own personal vote of four or five Italians. From then on, at each successive ballot, more and more cardinals must have climbed on his bandwaggon. He was, moreover, elected on two reasonable assumptions: first, that his reign would be short; second, that he would appoint a progressive Secretary of State – with Montini as the favourite – who would eventually succeed him. Inevitably, then, his papacy will inaugurate an era of change.



Indeed, the desire for change was undoubtedly increased by the actual circumstances of his election, which even the hardened Roman clergy were finding distasteful. In the Piazza, the vast, excited crowds ate ice-cream, drank beer, chewed olives and beans. For some reason, a mobile blood-donation unit had arrived and played *The Ride of the Valkyries* over a loudspeaker. Communist agitators, placed at strategic points in the crowd, started spicy rumours. A ludicrous note was introduced by the failure of the smoke-signalling aparatus. The cardinals had no choice but to use this absurd system, for it is laid down in the Bull; but since a new stove was being used (the old one had been stolen and sold as a potential relic) the failure to try it out seems inexcusable.

Within the conclave the atmosphere must have been unbearable. Nearly all the cardinals are over 70 (one is 96), and they were living in conditions of acute discomfort: the grandeur of the Vatican Palace is mainly visual – is does not extend to such simple amenities as modern bathrooms, lavatories and soft mattresses. Twenty brought their private doctors to Rome, but were not allowed to bring them into the conclave. Four are in very fragile health, four are deaf, one almost blind, two unable to write, one is in plaster; some are extremely rude. An hour before they were due to meet, one of their number collapsed and died. The rest, as they trudged slowly into the Sistine Chapel, can hardly have been easy in their minds, for there is a Roman tradition that 'three cardinals must die to elect a pope'. Even Vatican democracy finds it hard to function in such conditions, and as I left Rome many forward-minded *monsignori* were saying openly that such an election must never be allowed to happen again; that the entire system should be changed and the choice left to a small committee who would not themselves be eligible.

John XXIII can be expected to make other, far more important, changes. There is general agreement that, in future, the Vatican finances should be publicly audited, if only to eradicate scandal and ensure that some sort of order is kept. In many of the 'backward areas' of Catholicism, the Church is dying for lack of money, although the Vatican has funds of around £14 thousand million in New York, London and Swiss banks. Cardinal Spellman, whose church has virtually financed South American Catholicism since the war, is determined to impose a centralised 'Marshall Plan' on the Curia. Plans are also being discussed for the enlargement of the College and the introduction of a compulsory retiring age; for regular cardinals' conferences and a Civil Service Commission for Vatican appointments.

But transcending these administrative details is the problem of the role the Church should play in the mid-20th century. Slowly but surely, Pius had been steering Catholicism towards a policy of peaceful co-existence in the Cold War, and of positive neutrality in the colonial struggle. His encouragement of the Wyszynsky-Gomulka agreement and his public disapproval of both the Suez expeditions and the Jordan-Lebanon landings testify to this; whilst, in Algeria, the Church has remained the most consistent European opponent of *colon* extremism. From my conversations in Rome, I believe that such tendencies will become more marked under Pope John XXIII, and for one very simple reason. Although the Church, with its 450 million adherents, is by far the largest in the world, 90 per cent. of them are concentrated in Europe and the Americas; less than ten per cent. live in the two 'continents of the future' – Asia and Africa – where the demographic revolution is just beginning. By 1980, therefore, the Church's percentage of the global population will have fallen from a fifth to less than one-eighth. Yet it is precisely in the coloured areas – notably West, Central and East Africa, India and Indo-China that its chances are brightest. The Afro-Asian provinces still, however, retain their missionary flavour and carry little weight in the Vatican (there are only two coloured cardinals). All this will now be changed, and one of the first acts of the new Pope will, it is expected, be the appointment of more cardinals and archbishops in the ex-colonial regions. But the shift of emphasis will be much more than bureaucratic. It will affect points of dogma: the prelates from the east will compel the Vatican to abandon its opposition to artificial birth-control, just as the Indian bishops swung round the Lambeth Conference. It will also affect political policy. By striving to retain and justify its claim to universality, in an age in which the world balance of power is changing, the Church will increasingly be obliged to act as a mediator between the two great secular blocks, and the Vatican – that citadel of anti-Communism – may yet find itself the spokesman of a Third Force.

Rome PAUL JOHNSON

Miracle on the Nile

WE stood on a high granite outcrop, and the Nile moved north below us, still flood-swollen, so laden with silt that it glistened brown in the sun. Quite irresistibly, our eyes followed the course of the river, picking out clearly, some four miles downstream, the long low line of the present Aswan Dam. Everything around us was barren save the water itself; yet there was an almost mystic sense of natural power, waiting to be harnessed, at this lonely spot where Egypt's hopes were painted in long white surveyor's lines.

The chief engineer of the Sadd El Ali (High Dam) Project broke the silence. He is a big, greying man, with 30 years of dam-building up and down the Nile behind him. On the way to the site of the High Dam, over the lonely tarred road already laid out like a promise, he had confided that his one last dream was to end his life with the sight of the High Dam etched in his brain – not on blueprints, but from the reality of rock-fill concrete, and mighty hydro-electric turbines. Now he crinkled his eyes against the sun as he gestured over the river. 'You know, it's fantastic to read in the western newspapers that the Sadd El Ali is only a lying promise – that it doesn't exist. Look there . . . see that white line? That's the course of one of the diversion tunnels, and there, over there, that's where the power station will go up. I need only a telephone call from Cairo, and I'll begin tomorrow'.

That was five days before the news of the Soviet loan of £34 million to help build the first stage of the Dam. It ends a period of anguish and frustration for the engineers, of profound anxiety for Egypt's economic experts. As the chief engineer put it to me on the site itself 'This isn't any longer a project for development and expansion. It's a matter of holding even what we have. That is how urgent it is'. What he meant was that the nightmare race against Egypt's exploding population (500,000 increase each year) now demands, rather than merely suggests, the construction of the High Dam at Aswan. The fecundity of the Egyptian *fellah* is terrifyingly matched with the barrenness of most of his country. Some 97 per cent. of all Egypt is desert, and likely to remain so. The cultivated area is now a little over six million acres, already among the most intensively exploited in the world. Not merely to feed, but to provide a measure of work for those 500,000 new mouths every year, Egypt must irrigate every square foot of land.

Even when the High Dam's over-year storage has irrigated every inch of the Valley and the Delta, Egypt will have acquired only two million more usable acres. But the Dam offers other hopes, which taken together give the country a chance of at least slowing down the population-poverty cycle. In 16 enormous turbines, the head of water held back will provide 10,000 million K.W.H. of electricity per year – an output exceeded in the entire world only by America's Grand Coulee and Russia's Bratsk Dams. The industry that can be powered by this station will absorb only a portion of Egypt's mammoth surplus labour force: industrialisation, by its very nature, does not end truly massive under-employment. But in addition, the £335 million extra national income earned can be distributed. As one economic expert wryly put it. 'The Dam won't give every Egyptian, and every *new* Egyptian, a higher individual income. But at least it gives us a chance to provide for him from the central revenues . . . . even this will be a godsend'.

You stand on that high granite bluff above the Nile, with all this in your head, and you study a blueprint of the project, unrolled before you in the sun. The thing is breathtaking. The Valley itself is quite narrow at the chosen site. But the Sadd El Ali will not be a mere wall closing up the Valley. Rising 330 feet above the river bed, its top will stretch out on either side of the banks, running in a straight line away into the desert and rock, for a total width of three full miles. The engineers have chosen the site for their ability to 'close off' this three-mile wall in the natural contours of land. It will thus form an enormous lake containing 130,000 million cubic metres of water, completely submerging the ancient Valley itself. In ten years of excavating 17 million cubic metres of rock, and using 42 million cms of material, the whole geological history of this part of the Nile Valley will disappear below a vast sheet of water.

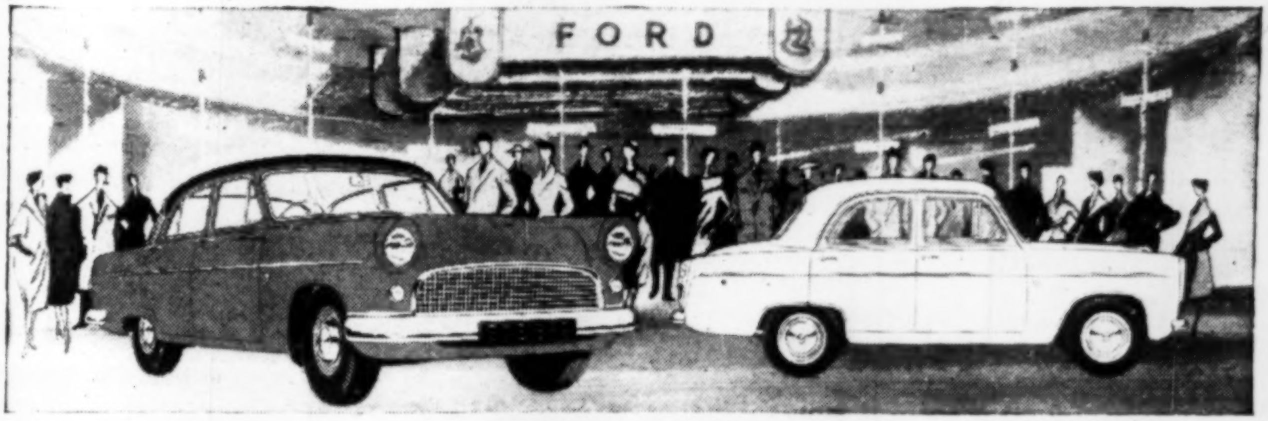
For the first time, too, in the history of this portion of the earth, the silt that pours down the Nile from distant Abyssinia each year in flood will be held back above Aswan. For 5,000 years men have used this silt in the Valley and Delta as a natural replenisher of the crop-exhausted soil. You can see it today flowing through Cairo, swirling down canals and irrigation ditches, until it comes to rest on the surface of the land. It is no coincidence whatever that a huge fertiliser factory is already going up outside Aswan town, located there both for the cheapness of electricity near its source, and because the rocky wastes on the eastern side of the Nile abound in suitable minerals. Egyptian agriculturists, pitting 20th-century science against the accumulated experience of the oldest site of human civilisation, are confident that with 'artificials' they can actually improve the fertility of the Delta.

Finally, there is the age-old spectre of the Nile in flood, which the High Dam is to banish from the Egyptian scene. In the month of September, as the accumulated rainfall 4,000 miles south in Africa surges down the valley, engineers sleep in tents along the earthen banks, so great is the danger of a break-through into the lower-lying fields on either side. A force of 25,000 labourers stands by with sand-bags. The daily rise of the river is telegraphed from Africa all down its course, and, with calculations developed from Pharaonic times forward, Cairo plots the seepage, irrigation, and evaporation loss of a given flood-level thousands of miles away by the time it reaches the Delta, some 16 days later. This problem, too, the High Dam will tackle.

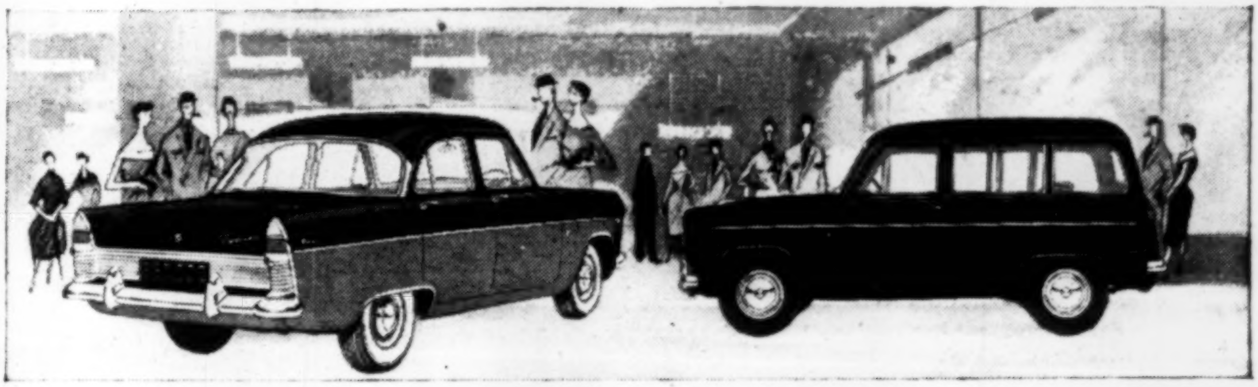
The Soviet loan involves, without question, a great propaganda victory for Moscow. It was not taken lightly by Abdel Nasser; and it was no coincidence that it came within a week of the visit to Cairo of the President of the World Bank, who speaks in this matter for Washington and London. Evidently, Nasser came to the conclusion that there was no prospect of western help with this £240 million project; or that even if it might develop in time, Egypt could no longer wait. More than two years have passed since the West withdrew its offer: another million Egyptians to be fed. Moreover, unless the coffer-dams and diversion tunnels for the High Dam are completed by the middle of 1960, the whole use of the mammoth new hydro-electric station on the existing Aswan Dam, four miles downstream, will be endangered. That station will go into output in 1960, regardless. It has to, if Egypt's new industries are to be powered.

It will be said that the decision to take Soviet loan assistance (less than a third of the defunct western offer) means that Nasser is definitely moving into the Soviet camp. Here in Cairo, there is not one whit of evidence to support this. His carefully worded statement, on 28 September, about his experience in dealing with the Soviet *bloc* should be required reading in Washington and London. Each sentence is worth study:

> I can say without reservation that I cannot recall a single incident where they have sought to exploit our difficulties. Whatever may be their motives in giving us their co-operation and support, they appreciate that we are an independent people with a strong consciousness of our dignity and



At Earls Court . . . In Dealers' Showrooms . . .



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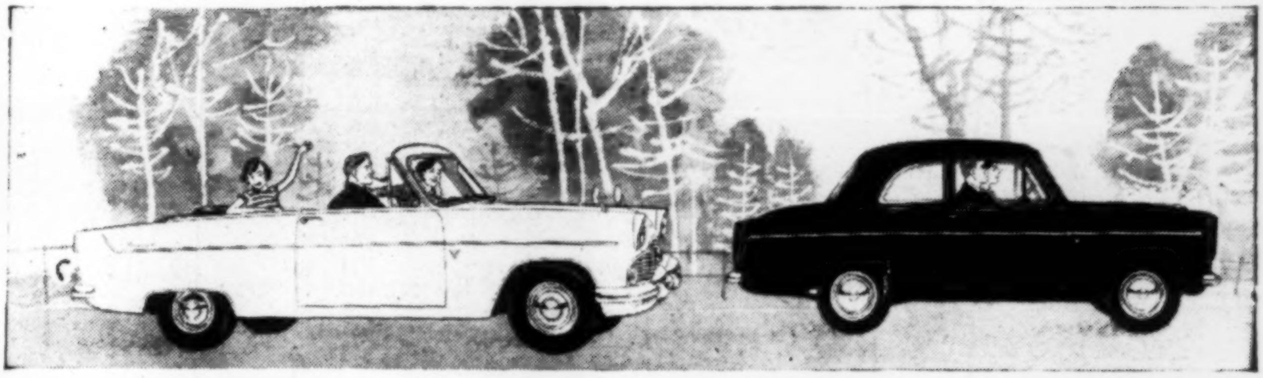

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I LITTLE thought when I arrived at my friend Borg's house that I was about to see something truly extraordinary, and to increase my mental powers tenfold.

He had asked me to come to Stockholm to lecture to the Swedes about Lister and other British scientists. On the evening of my arrival, after the champagne, our conversation turned naturally to the problems of public speaking and to the great labour imposed on us lecturers by the need to be word perfect in our lectures.

Borg then told me that his power of memory would probably amaze me—and I had known him, while we were studying law together in Paris to have the most deplorable memory!

So he went to the end of the dining room and asked me to write down a hundred three-figure numbers, calling each one out in a clear voice. When I had filled the edge of an old newspaper with figures, *Borg repeated them to me in the order in which I had written them down and then in reverse order, that is beginning with the last number. He also allowed me to ask him the relative position of different numbers: for example, which was the 24th, the 72nd, and the 38th, and I noticed that he replied to all my questions at once and without effort, as if the figures which I had written on the paper had been also written in his brain.*

I was dumbfounded by such a feat and sought in vain for the trick which enabled him to achieve it. My friend then said: "The thing you have just seen and which seems so remarkable is, in fact, quite simple; everybody has a memory good enough to do the same, but few indeed can use this wonderful faculty."

He then revealed to me how I could achieve a similar feat of memory, and I at once mastered the secret—without mistakes and without effort—as you too will master it tomorrow.

But I did not stop at these amusing experiments. I applied the principles I had learned in my daily work. I could now remember, with unbelievable facility, the lectures I heard and those which I gave myself, the names of people I met—even if it was only once—as well as their addresses, and a thousand other details which were most useful to me. *Finally, I discovered after a while that not only had my memory improved, but that I had also acquired greater powers of concentration; a surer judgment—which is by no means surprising since the keenness of our intellect is primarily dependent on the number and variety of the things we remember.*

If you would like to share this experience and to possess those mental powers which are still our best chance of success in life, ask M. N. Borg to send you his interesting booklet *The Eternal Laws of Success*—he will send it free to anyone who wants to improve his memory. Here is the address: *M N. Borg, c/o Aubanel Publishers, 14 Highfield Road (Rathgar), Dublin, Ireland.*

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L. CONWAY.

sovereignty. They have never made any demands on us or tied any conditions to such co-operation as we have received from them. They know that we are somewhat suspicious of foreigners because of our experience of foreign domination. They have kept that fact in mind.

From all that is known, Nasser—who manifestly preferred to take western aid for the Dam, and announced his acceptance of it in 1956—will be very sure that 'they keep that fact in mind'.

Cairo

ERSKINE B. CHILDERS

Showtime

THIS is the season of Motor Shows. Traditionally Paris comes first at the beginning of October, followed by London in mid-month and Italy in the first week of November. This is about as much as the army of executives, salesmen and public relations men can stand in one season, and many of them disappear for rest cures after the endless round of cocktail parties and get-togethers which fill the six weeks of 'showtime'.

There are some basic differences between the attitude of the average Frenchman and Englishman to their respective Motor Shows and to the cars they own. Unlike London, the Motor Show in Paris is an important landmark in the social calendar. Streets, hotels and restaurants become even more crowded and everywhere is heard the excuse 'Pardon, monsieur, mais c'est le Salon de l'Automobile.' Many Parisians consider it vulgar to be seen in Paris after their summer holidays until the Grand Prix de l'Arc de Triomphe which is held annually on the first Sunday after the Motor Show opens.

Each year over a million and a quarter Frenchmen visit the two *salons*—the Grand Palais for cars and another exhibition hall at the Porte de Versailles for bicycles and motor-bicycles. This compares with an Earls Court attendance figure of about half a million. The reason for the difference is that the French allow their Motor Show to open on Sundays, when nearly a quarter of a million people visit it. For bicycles of all kinds, the big day is Monday, the traditional closing day for many small French shops whose owners tend to use the cheaper forms of transport. The ownership of a vehicle of some sort plays a more important part in the life of the average Frenchman than with his English counterpart. The Englishman generally prefers to spend his money first on household appliances, furniture or TV, while the Frenchman will more often buy a car or a motorbike before anything else. Hire-purchase in France has long been easier—and so is motoring generally, since for some time the French, unlike the English, have been building roads actually designed for 20th-century traffic.

French cars are built strictly for utility and are higher geared than ours for the long, straight stretches of continental roads. There is no doubt, however, that English cars would sell well in France if they were allowed to; but only a very small import quota is allowed for British cars, and this quota is split up between all French territories, and even Morocco. This year the French authorities did not pay the British manufacturers even the usual courtesy of announcing the next half-year's quota in time for the show, and the British exhibitors were thus left in the dark whether they could even sell the cars on their stands or not. The situation is further complicated by a French law which allows only Frenchmen whose firms have earned money overseas to import a car. French manufacturers are favourably placed by comparison. Two of the largest, Citröen and the government-owned Renault, have assembly plants in England; and thousands of their cars are sold in Great Britain off quota and are also exported. In the circumstances, British manufacturers are keenly looking forward to the establishment of a European free trade area and meanwhile they continue to exhibit in Paris mainly for the American forces and other European buyers.

American cars have now become a standing joke in European motoring circles. Is it perhaps a significant pointer to the American character that, while many Americans live in some of the world's best designed contemporary homes, fitted with excellent modern furniture and hung with some of the finest modern paintings, outside the house stands a car designed for the mentality of a 12-year-old, who has a passion for juke boxes and soda fountains. This year's Cadillac has fins on the back which might have been designed by a cartoonist for a toy manufacturer. The great Italian body-designer, Farina, showed General Motors what could be done by fitting a simple body of his own design on to a Cadillac chassis; but the latest American craze of fitting four headlights—two on each side—prompted him to remark that it was like having to design a dress for a woman with four breasts. One notable exception to this trend was Studebaker, who caused something of a sensation by bringing out a small car called the Lark—a cut-down version of the usual American car. On the other hand, the American Ford Company have lengthened, enlarged and, I think, ruined their successful Thunderbird.

This year it is the Italian designers who have dominated both shows, as they surely will the Turin Show next week. More and more English, French and German manufacturers are fitting Italian-styled bodies; and recently the British Motor Corporation announced that they had placed Farina under exclusive contract to remodel their entire range of cars. Michellotti is similarly working for Standard and Triumph. Italian designers have not neglected to pay attention to the baby cars, which form such an important part of the car industry today. For instance, Bertone has provided an excellent body for the NSU 'Sport Prince', and Ghia has turned the popular Volkswagen into a beautiful two-seater coupé. Technically the greatest development this year is the ever-growing use of disc brakes, which mark the most important improvement in stopping a car since the advent of four-wheel brakes in the 1920s. The continued increase of automatic gear boxes is also worth noting.

The best way to sum up the two shows we have already seen may be with the following quotation:

> Less glitter than in the past is displayed at this year's *Salon de l'Automobile*, for the French Industry has no money to waste; but nonetheless the *Salon* still presents a remarkably attractive sight, for the building itself is a beauty. As for the exhibits, they are characterised with great practicability throughout, just as is the case in London where there is a large array of light cars for the man of moderate means, who has been considered to an unprecedented degree. This is only as it should be—the wealthy man will still be able to obtain luxurious cars if he wants them, but the need for meeting a wider demand at the same time is now recognised by Continental manufacturers as well as our own. In the end everybody will benefit, for the cheapening of cars will make motorists of many who hitherto have stood aloof, and all anti-automobilism must eventually die.

I ask forgiveness for introducing a personal note. That comment was written by my father in 1908, and I feel it is apt exactly 50 years later.

EDWARD MONTAGU

Return to Porthperro

I KNEW when I had crossed over the Cornish frontier from the lush feather-bed earth of Devon. There were phallic granite rocks, a huge horizon, sly grey houses, and jokes on the backs of match-boxes: WHEN IS A DOOR NOT A DOOR? WHEN IT'S A JAR, or ANSWER YES OR NO, HAVE YOU STOPPED BEATING YOUR WIFE? These jests are entirely intended for foreigners who, unless they have stayed in the country for over 40 years, are treated as figures strayed from Edwardian days. I arrived at the town of Tawnish and took a bus to Porthperro.

I had been here many years ago in the Crowley days, when the Beast performed obscene rites in Devenish wood and extorted money from the natives by inserting curses coded in hieroglyphic into their letter boxes. I recognised the seagulls at once: nowhere else do they make noises like amorous cats. The circular port was unchanged. It was not really a port at all, it had never been a port, the three or four boats in it idled there like small-part film actors and behind was the beautiful peacock sea. There was only one public house, the *Lobster,* and I went inside to look for accommodation. There was none, but I stayed to buy a pint of St Austell, some cigarettes and matches. On the back of the match-box was written WHO WAS THAT LADY I SAW YOU WITH LAST NIGHT? I hadn't been there ten minutes before I felt eyes upon me. I was recognised. I never recognise other people, other people always remember me; they wave from the moon. 'Aren't you the chap who used to stay here 17 years ago?' asked a fisherman, 'You and Gertie?' 'That's right,' I said. 'Those were the days,' he said, 'The flesh wasn't weak. The eyes were clear. The stomach was firm. You could get all the fish and girls you wanted. The place itself has changed, too. It's all power politics. You'll see.'

I walked out of the pub and found accommodation in a house up the hill next to a bird hospital. There were cages of lame owls, oily guillemots, seagulls with splints, ravens, crows and wild duck. The birds were brought from all over England, and quite a number returned after release, hanging about the grounds and infecting the local bird population with *laissez faire.* One could hardly move for robins and yellowhammers. There was a fine view from my window of the hypnotic bay, I started getting down to work, but my eyes kept straying to the magic dresses of the sea; it was far worse than the buses and the drinking clubs I had run away from in London.

How was the state of Porthperro? I soon began to drift off to the *Lobster,* to enter the new trap of a miniature world. It was here I met Cathcart. He was a tall man with an eagle nose and a beard and he lived on the edge of the port in one of the best houses in Porthperro. I had heard about him from my landlord, Mr Hodgkiss, a retired collier, whose sole interest in life was a performing dog. 'Cathcart's a collector,' Hodgkiss told me. 'China, books or paintings?' I asked him. 'People,' replied Hodgkiss. 'He collects people who visit Porthperro and puts them in his houses and cottages and they stay there for years. You'll find him hunting in the *Lobster,* and his wife down on the quay, and look-outs in the two nearest villages. He won't let them get out across the bay.' 'Why not?' I asked. 'Because there's another village over there called Trullion, and the competition's terrible.'

When I first saw Cathcart in the *Lobster* he was in the 'Wheelhouse' surrounded by friends and visitors. After a short period there, he moved to the 'Bosun's Cabin' and joined in the beautiful, sea-deep songs of the fishermen, pausing to chat about pilchards and a submarine which had lately been caught off the Scillies, and then returned to his throne in the Wheelhouse. You could feel, as he moved and chose audiences, that the whole *Lobster* was demarcated into spheres of influence.

Gone, I could feel, were the free and easy days of the old *Lobster,* with mountainous Milly behind the counter welding all the customers into one. I felt uneasy, stranded, uncertain of my identity, a mere returned cipher, and without Gertie at that. 'You look lost,' said a thin man with a ginger beard. 'I suppose I am,' I replied, and explained my circumstances. 'It takes years to get back,' said this man, whose name was Dawson. 'It's quite a different mystique to London. It all depends on Cathcart if you're in or out. The village is littered with Cathcart rejects. They nearly all drink together in the "Captain's Pantry" trying to capture the more nondescript visitors, you know, people from Huddersfield and Cumberland, whose women wear those pink hats made of straw.'

'I'd like to meet him,' I said. 'I don't honestly think it would be any good,' said Dawson, running his eye over me. 'He's got a general

November

Outside, in the dusk and the drizzle, the newspaper-sellers are doing a brisk trade in the Classified Results editions. In buses, trains and cars a million fans—elated or deflated as the case may be—stream homeward from a thousand grounds, reviewing the match in terms which range from the smugly self-satisfied to the frankly embittered ("Whose side are *you* on, ref?") . . . You may think of football as something that has always been with us and so, in a sense, it has, for goodness knows when the first man first kicked the first ball about. But it took a long time to get things organised and the present Association Rules date, rather surprisingly, only from 1863. As a national institution, therefore, football is a good deal younger than that other great national institution, the Midland Bank, which has been providing an ever-growing variety of banking services for an ever-growing number of people ever since 1836.

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there in the Wheelhouse, the secretary of the tennis club and one or two actresses, and a best-selling science-fiction writer.'

'But I write,' I said rather angrily. I planned in my mind to get into conversation with the science-fiction writer and twist the conversation round to literary magazines, but Dawson read my mind. It turned out that he was a member of the Cornish Dolmen Astro-physical Society, a vague white magic group which had branched off from the activities of the late Beast, and was slightly clairvoyant. 'It's no good trying to get in through the back door,' he said. 'If you become a Cathcart reject, none of his friends will speak to you, and his women will freeze up like icebergs. I was a reject for five years, moping in the Captain's Pantry, and still I'm only on the fringe.'

Eventually I spoke to Cathcart. He was in democratic mood, in, of all places, the Captain's Pantry, talking to his rejects. He gave me a few words about the rainfall in Porthperro, and I was immediately ready to recognise his charm. 'I am really a stupid man,' he said to me, and I felt this to be, in a very complicated way, a criticism and a rejection. Although many of the members of his collection were, to say the least of it, insensitive, he imbued them with meaning and they took on the colour of the cryptic stone houses by the peacock sea, even during long sessions of dirty club-stories. The next day, after joining in part-singing, he and his wife, with the general and the science-fiction writer in tow, cut me dead in the Wheelhouse, and I was left with Dawson and a very old fisherman with a deaf-aid.

After I had been in Porthperro about a month, I met a girl called Molly. Her mother had used to live in the village and was an expert on the diseases of guillemots. Even Molly had a nostalgic feeling about sea-birds, and we used to visit the hospital and feed them with stale pasties. After the second day she asked me if I knew Cathcart, and I was hesitant about what to say. 'A bit,' I said, and added 'a good chap.' 'One of my oldest friends,' said Molly, and I felt a sinking of the heart. In a flash, if things were not well handled, she would be whisked off with the general and the secretary of the tennis-club. I decided to by-pass Porthperro and invited her for a trip across the bay. She consented.

It was a lovely day when we started. We left Porthperro from the bus-stop outside the *Pirate's Arms* (unlicensed) and arrived at Polpennen, when it suddenly came on to rain. We waited under a shelter for about ten minutes, when a car drew up near us. 'Can we help?' said a voice. I recognised the face of the general, and beside him, at the wheel, was Brown, the science-fiction writer. 'We're trying to get across the bay,' said Molly. 'Where are you going?' asked the general. 'Trullion,' I said. 'Step in,' said Brown. About an hour later we arrived, and almost immediately decided to go and have a drink at the *Trullion Arms*. We walked into the saloon bar, and the first person we saw there, singing part-songs with the fishermen, was Cathcart. After the songs were over, we had a long talk with him, and I was amazed to find him almost excessively genial.

'Why don't you all stay here for a bit?' he said; 'I have a house near the golf-links, and it makes a change from Porthperro.' Eventually the general and the writer and Molly and I agreed, and drove up to his house with a fine view over the sea. 'Come in,' he cried heartily and showed us to our rooms. 'It's very surprising,' I said to Molly. 'What is?' she asked. 'Everything,' I said, hedging. I thought it better not to mention anything about Cathcart.

When we returned to Porthperro and entered the *Lobster*, Cathcart was in his usual place in the Wheelhouse. He completely ignored me but welcomed Molly with particular rapture. I hardly ever saw her again, and eventually she returned to London. I was so put out by the peculiar episode that I mentioned some of the details to Mr Hodgkiss, my landlord. He and his performing dog received the news with roars and barks of laughter. 'I told you about Trullion,' said Mr Hodgkiss, 'it's the rival village to Porthperro. The Cathcart you saw in Trullion isn't the same one you see here—it's his twin. What you call a minn twin, almost identical.' I took out a cigarette, and he gave me a box of matches. I lit a cigarette and looked idly at the back of the box. HOW MANY BEANS MAKE FIVE? it shouted.

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EDWARD HULTON

The Arts and Entertainment

The Master of Brno–II

THE Leos Janacek celebrations at Brno culminated last Saturday in the world première of *Osud* ('Fate'). This 50-year-old opera, written immediately after *Jenufa*, has for long been a mystery to students of Janacek. The score has never been printed, and until last week the music had been heard twice only, on both occasions in Brno: first in a radio performance of 1934, and again in a concert performance of 1954. It was rumoured that the opera contained fine music but was spoilt by a poor libretto; and the stage production has shown this view to be substantially just.

Janacek was by no means devoid of literary or dramatic sense, and most of his librettos, however surprising they may seem as vehicles for music, are well made and drawn from good sources, whether Czech or Russian. But the text of *Osud*, which is basically his own work, is both naive and shapeless. The trouble it gave him is shown by the existence of three or four different versions, which he turned over to the amateur poetess Fedora Bartosova for versification. The plot, nearly as autobiographical as that of Richard Strauss's *Intermezzo*, tells of an amorous episode in the life of the composer Zivny, who is transparently Janacek himself; but where *Intermezzo* turns an ironical and amused eye on its composer's home-life, *Osud* is desperately serious.

In the version used at Brno (a somewhat different version, adapted by Oscar Honolka, was produced on the following day at Stuttgart), the main action is presented in the form of a flashback. We see first the composer (who is also, like Janacek, a conservatoire professor) surrounded by his pupils, who question him about his forthcoming opera. The opera is autobiographical; and soon Zivny launches into a long and meltingly beautiful arioso describing the events which inspired it. As he reaches the crucial point, there is a fade-out, and we find ourselves in Luhacovice Spa, a Moravian watering-place, with sunlight filtering through the trees and much coming and going of fashionable people: the men with ivory-topped canes and straw hats, the ladies with raised lorgnettes and parasols furiously a-twirl: in fact, Cecil Beaton *à la moravienne*. Janacek devotes a surprising amount of time to the depiction of this elegant milieu, and does it remarkably well, with choral passages and occasional valse motives; from time to time, however, we discern behind the smart behaviour of the Spa the rougher gaieties of the mountain village. The composer arrives, and recognises the beautiful Mila, whom he had loved some years previously; though a child had been born of their union, they had parted. Now, however, their love revives; and Mila breaks off a more suitable engagement to marry Zivny – much to the dismay of her mother. The two remaining acts, both very short, are played without an interval. In Act 2 we see the composer at home: he would have settled down happily enough with his wife, we gather, but for the presence and constant interference of the now hysterical mother-in-law, who finally throws herself from the balcony, dragging the unfortunate Mila with her. This brief act contains the most striking music in Janacek's score. In Act 3 we return to the conservatoire for the conclusion of Zivny's narrative; his increasing distress becomes evident, and the curtain descends on a tableau of the broken composer comforted by his sympathetic pupils.

The naivety of the general scheme, the lopsidedness of the treatment, and the lameness and emptiness of the last act (whether or not it is bisected, as at Brno, to provide the flashback arrangement), need hardly be emphasised; but it should perhaps be stressed that the compelling quality of Janacek's music, and his evident understanding of how to write for the stage, make the action seem a good deal less absurd in performance than on paper. From its date, we should expect *Osud* to exhibit the lyrical abundance of *Jenufa* rather than the terse and spare manner of the later works; and this is indeed the main impression left with us by the music. While fully characteristic of Janacek, it reminds us that he had lately seen, and much admired, both *La Bohème* and *Louise*: it has a melodic generosity and amplitude, together with a certain charming ingenuity of handling, such as might have appealed to a wide public, given only a stronger and more tractable story. The finest pages of the score, though they never rise to the sombre eloquence of *Jenufa* or the muted passion of *Katya Kabanova,* show links with both these masterpieces and are manifestly the work of the same unique imagination.

That imagination, at its strangest and most intense, brooded over an extraordinary concert given by the famous Male Voice Choir of Moravian Teachers under their veteran conductor, Jan Soupal. On each of their visits to the Llangollen International Eisteddfod this choir has carried off the first prize, and it is difficult to imagine the choral contest at which they would fail to do so. Their range and their variety of timbre and of dynamics are amazing: these Slavonic basses can descend to a powerful organ-toned C sharp, while a moment later one of their tenors will launch shattering cries of anger or despair at a pitch all but three octaves higher. The vitality of their rhythm is equalled by the security of their intonation. Janacek, fascinated by their skill and musicianship, wrote numerous unaccompanied choruses for them; most notably the superb sequence to texts by the poet Petr Bezruc depicting the miseries of the oppressed Silesian miners. The deep compassion which animates these three choruses is also the mainspring of *The House of the Dead,* which received at Brno a performance of blazing sincerity and dramatic power such as gripped a large audience throughout an action which has virtually no narrative content. This work is a negation of all that we think of as opera; yet it has proved to be the most profound and moving experience of the whole fortnight.

DESMOND SHAWE-TAYLOR

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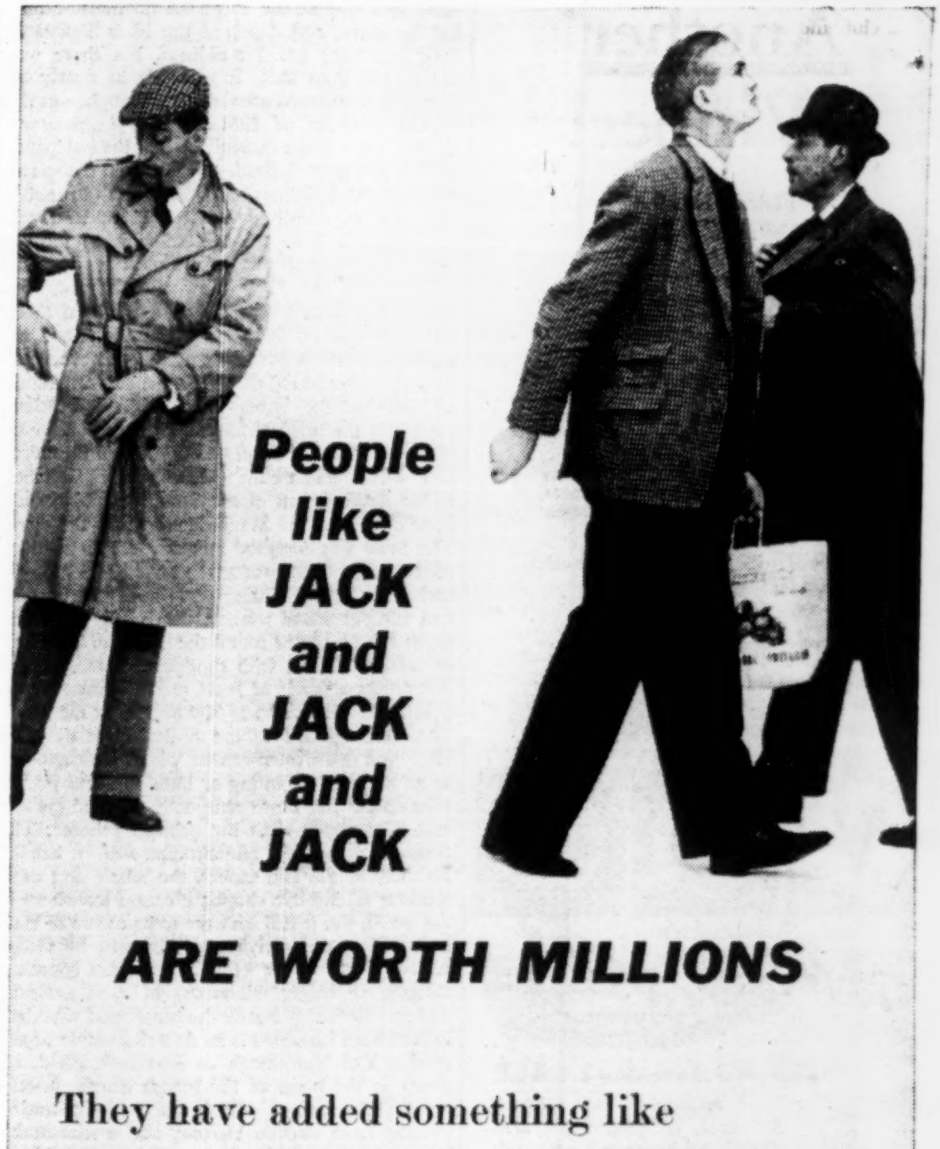
UNLIKE the Festival of Britain, which was a throw-away, the New Towns are a permanent monument to the Spirit of '46 – that is, irrespective of the exact dates of the relevant legislation, they enshrine the mental attitudes of those early months of Labour rule when the great British electorate set out to march boldly into the Fifties with no thoughts beyond the Thirties. Many brave hopes were based on the application of the curative social techniques of the Thirties as total operational programmes for the Forties and Fifties. But man cannot live by medicine alone, and among the therapies that themselves soon required therapy, was the Garden City dream, on which the New Towns were based; the dream of every man his house, his twelfth of an acre, his tree, his view – a dream that becomes a nightmare when multiplied by the population of a New Town, as Le Corbusier showed long ago in a gruesome drawing.

But the New Towns were also intended to be independent urban centres – and the question of *how* to make them independent might well have been asked in the early days of Harlow, for instance, when one could see most of the New Town's New Citizens queuing up for buses in the evening in order to get to Epping or Bishop's Stortford for the cinema, or even fish and chips. This state of affairs was politically blamed on political pres-



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sures that put all the emphasis on house-building for votes, and deprived the New Towns of their necessary social buildings, but there was more to it than that. It was felt in nearly all branches of forward architectural thought – at the CIAM congress of 1951, in the *Architectural Review's* townscape campaign – that the independent life of a town depended as much on the spaces between the buildings, as it did on the number and type of buildings: that the architect and town-planner were required to legislate for life as much as were the economist and demographer.

To avoid the New Towns' becoming 'Six Suburbs in Search of a City', it was seen to be necessary that (*a*) the housing should appear less scattered (though economic pressures have taken care of that), and (*b*) that the town centres should be designed for 'urban character'. At Harlow, therefore, the original formal layout of the town centre was quietly dropped some time in the very early Fifties, and a pilot research project launched in the development of the Stow, the neighbourhood centre for the Marks Hall area of the town. The Stow was designed more or less an outdoor room, a fairly compact space boxed in by three- and four-storey buildings, without a main axis, and without views straight through it, since the shops were grouped round the angles of a Z-bend in the road. Filled with shoppers, or teddy-boys, it presents a scene of truly urban animation.

What are described as 'the lessons of the Stow' were then applied to the re-design of the The High, the main town-centre, which now appears as an informal grouping of buildings and pedestrian spaces, far more compactly planned (as one sees it, anyhow) than the original scheme. The result looks well and photographs well – it has the diversity of use and aspect, the bustle and neon glamour of any live shopping centre anywhere in the world. But it still isn't the town centre of Harlow, and anyone arriving at the town by Green Line or bus will see why at once. You approach through an empty wilderness of open greenery and car-parks that isolate the centre and what has, in fact, been legislated is an American-style supermarket like Northlands or Roosevelt Field, set down in the place of the town's centre, instead of at its periphery. With many of the traders coming from outside Harlow, and a measurable proportion of the shoppers too, the width of this *cordon sanitaire,* though it narrows physically to a hundred yards in the south-west corner, is psychologically the same as the distance to Epping.

This is in no way to denigrate the design of The High itself, which is a most satisfying fusion of English town-planning traditions with some of those obsessively admired examples from the continent, such as the Piazzetta in Venice, or the *places* of the Bastide towns in France. But here it is a stranger, its topographical aloofness reinforced by a character alien to the place. For Harlow has a style of its own; one may not like its picturesquely grouped terraces of houses, its greenery, its trees, its anti-geometrical layout, its Englishness, but one must admit that it is convincingly done, and to introduce this particular piece of exotically inspired design is rather like interpolating Edwige Feuillière with additional dialogue by John van Druten into *Meet the Huggetts.*

Re-examination of what has been done on the ground shows that the key lesson of the Stow has *not* been learned. The Stow is visually a part of the surrounding neighbourhood, and physically too, for there is no *cordon sanitaire* of car parks all round it; they are tucked in round the back, and local traffic, both by wheel and on foot, circulates naturally through it, instead of being stalled off or diverted round it. It faces (accidentally, it may well be) the facts of a diffuse, vehicle-borne community; it legislates for the life of Harlow.

This The High cannot do. Even though there are more buildings to be erected to the south and west of those already built, they can do little to divert the pattern of planning development which has been determined by the peripheral roads and car-parks, and partial over-building of these parking lots would do little to disguise the inherent visual bleakness of conception. For it is a visual failure with which we are dealing here, a failure to stand on the terrain and imagine what the scheme was going to look like from the surrounding town areas, a failure to see that the lines indicating roads and car-parks, that make the plan look so full and busy, do nothing to interrupt a view over a quarter of a mile of flat land, and, above all, a failure to see that the serpentining plan of the Stow provides townscape that is continuous with its surroundings, a natural flow of traffic and a sense of enclosure, and has suitable spare space for car-parking built continuously into its topographical texture.

REYNER BANHAM

Ondine

FREDERICK ASHTON is a poetic choreographer. He patterns the stage with the flowing bodies of dancers, as though he were painting a stream of movement on the music. In his new work *Ondine,* for the Royal Ballet at Covent Garden, he shows how he has broadened his scope, till he can handle great crowd scenes with marvellous authority. This is a change from the muddle of *Cinderella* and the unadventurous neo-classicism of *Sylvia,* his two other full-length ballets. In *Ondine* he has not tried for the dulcet, Victorian charm, which could have been so easily copied from Perrot's original ballet. Ashton has created a world of lucid movement, water sprites that surge and flow, buoyant against the upright stiffness of humanity. Only in a scene on a ship has his invention seriously failed, so that, until the cataclysmic storm, the action halts.

As Ondine Margot Fonteyn dances with more freedom than she has done for a long time. Her style can become somewhat automatic and arid, though always beautiful, always perfectly balanced. But in this new role she regains that volatile spirit, which gives to every gesture of her dancing an almost tangible meaning. She looks so delicately lascivious in her transparent, sparkling shift. She swims and cavorts in the sea with the flexibility of a fish.

The rest of the company has also taken to a more elastic style. The girls are not so anxiously refined and the boys are not wispy or simpering. And there was a massed concentration, not up to the Bolshoi standard, but making for a far more coherent result than I have seen before.

The sets, by Lila de Nobili, are grandiose, but with a mellow, even tender, kind of texture that creates the atmosphere of romantic tragedy. There is no attempt at whimsey or any other smart, superficial effect. Her costumes are equally subtle and rich, saving only that of Berta, the hero's human love. In this part Julia Farron, trying to perform elegantly beaten steps in a highly hitched riding habit, big black boots and thick blue tights, looked so uncomfortable and ungainly that it seemed best to judge only her excellent acting.

At the first shimmering chords of music it seemed that the score was all right. But the chief defect of this production is Hans Werner Henze's music, which never gets going comfortably. There are fine, passages, secret and crafty sounds and rhythms; but in so long a ballet it is most important that the tide of music should carry the story along. In this case Ashton's choreography sweeps forward, while the music splutters and chugs, like a motor unwilling to start. There is a lot to be said for the old system, whereby the choreographer ordered his 16 bars of waltz time, and so on, just as he would order sugar and butter from the grocer. Curiously enough, this is how the great Petipa-Tchaikowsky ballets were composed.

ANNABEL FARJEON

Gramophone Records

In the old days the process of recording bore some relation to a performance given in the concert hall; there might be a number of trial runs, but one of them would be chosen as the best. This chosen version might still contain smudges and mistakes but if it were made by a great artist it would present the music in a single sweep, with all the shades of intensity and all the subtleties of timing that this would dictate. Nowadays it is very different. Magnetic tape has made it possible to choose this passage from one play-through, and that from another, until not a mistake is left nor anything else either. That is a subject which deserves thought when the occasion arises, but here I only want to mention the curious fact that this new cult of 'accuracy' is endangered by the very instrument that made it practicable; it appears to be quite easy to lose a piece of tape or even to pick up one piece too many, with the result that two bars may be missing from a string quartet by Mozart or else something may be played three times over instead of twice, as happens most disturbingly in one of the new Philips recordings.

Meanwhile there are still musicians who evidently resist the present-day method of recording bar by bar, and one of them is Sir Thomas Beecham. To judge by the technical precision of his performances, there is no one who takes greater trouble to make sure that nothing is left in that might disturb the listener on repeated hearings; to judge on the other hand by the impetus and spontaneity of his readings, it is quite inconceivable that they should consist of 500 pieces of tape, or even 50. HMV have just issued an album containing the first six 'Salomon' symphonies, and this may be recommended to every lover of Haydn. Three of the six symphonies are perfectly done: Nos. 93, 94 (the 'Surprise') and 97. The opening movements drive along with superb vigour, the slow movements are large in conception and beautiful in sound, and the Trio of No. 97 is quite wonderful in its phrasing and its instrumental delicacy. Unfortunately the performance of No. 98 – such a marvellous work – is below standard; the contrasts are less clear, the tempo of the Trio is all over the place, the ending of the finale seems too fast, and the balance is not quite so imaginative as elsewhere. There are also one or two rather high-handed details: fourteen bars are cut in the slow movement of No. 97, and a characteristic phrase for trumpet is struck out in the Trio of No. 96. It would have given greater pleasure if Sir Thomas, instead of suppressing the unfortunate trumpet, had actually added some of the authentic effects that are ignored in all the modern editions, and which H. C. Robbins Landon has pointed out in his recent book on Haydn's symphonies; for example, the solo string quartet opening of the slow movement in No. 93, the passage for solo violin at the end of the Trio in No. 97, and the brilliant harpsichord part at the end of No. 98. But despite a somewhat rasping surface in *forte* passages, this is a recording that everyone should have.

Another prelude to Haydn's 150th anniversary next year is the Decca publication of several of his finest keyboard works. They are played by Wilhelm Backhaus with an adult interest that contrasts with the usual professional treatment. He achieves the remarkable feat of approaching the music in the spirit of Beethoven and yet executing the notes with the innocent clarity of something heard on the mechanical organ. These are the best performances of Haydn I have ever heard from a virtuoso, and the recording is worthy of them.

There are two new Mozart issues, one by Vox in which Ingrid Haebler is the soloist in two piano concertos, the C minor, K.491, and the little-known C major, K.415; the other by Philips, with the Budapest Quartet and Walter Trampler playing the string quintets K.174 and K.406. Ingrid Haebler has earned a considerable reputation as a Mozart player, and there are striking things in both concertos – a perfect tempo, so rarely heard, for the slow movement of the C minor, scrupulous phrasing always, and an electrical clearness. Just what is dissatisfying? I believe it may have something to do with a too intense specialisation on her part; Clara Haskil's interpretations of Mozart seem to be conceived against a more generous background of musical interest and culture.

As to the Quintets, the early one in B flat is remarkable for the last movement, while the C minor, K.406, is an arrangement of the great Serenade for wind instruments, K.388. There can be no doubt that much is lost in the transcription; not only because it lacks the colour of the original, or even because the textures and harmonies are impoverished. The chief drawback is more subtle; namely, that the Serenade derives its magical quality from the tension between profound and impassioned music and the calmness of a wind-instrument setting. The string version is edgy and unmysterious. It is here, by the way, in the finale

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that the passage beginning at bar 95 is heard once too often.

Lastly, Supraphon have published two remarkable works by Anton Reicha – a Quartet for four flutes and six Trios for three horns. Until a fortnight ago this composer had been little more to me than an entry in various dictionaries and the subject of a few lively pages by Berlioz, who praised him as a teacher but found his wind quintets 'interesting but cold'. Such a criticism however would certainly not do justice to the splendid first movement of the flute quartet, or to some of the horn pieces which have an aristocratic beauty. Both works are played with obvious enjoyment and with the purest mastery, by members of the Czech Philharmonic Orchestra. The only doubt concerns the recording, for in the flute quartet, with its many rests, there is a constant faint disturbance of pre-echo and post-echo; otherwise the reproduction is perfect.

WILLIAM GLOCK

Dignity and . . .

APART from the fact that it was being done at all, the main points of interest in the first television broadcast of the state opening of Parliament were two: (1) Were those of us justified who had feared that the impact of this grandiose occasion on the unsophisticated might be of advantage electorally to the Conservative Government? (2) Would there be any substantial difference between the BBC's and ITV's handling of it? (Both had the same picture throughout, but different commentators – Richard Dimbleby and Robin Day respectively.)

The risk that some simple viewers would think that the Queen was announcing her own views – when, for instance, she spoke of the Government's 'energetic steps' about this or that – had clearly been realised (perhaps because of the apprehensions publicly expressed by one or two journalists). Therefore, in the middle of their commentaries, before the Queen's arrival in the Lords, Mr Dimbleby and Mr Day had to read out an explanatory statement, prepared by 'the highest authority' and meant to dispel this danger.

The statement seemed, however, to have been drafted by someone with little sense of public relations. It referred to 'Her Majesty's Ministers' instead of to 'the Government' (which is what most people call them). Less stilted was its assurance that the Queen would 'of course' take 'no part in the discussion' that follows her Speech; but even the least informed can hardly have expected to see her bobbing up and down in the debate, trying to catch the Speaker's eye.

The broadcasting authorities are not to blame for any ill-effects that there may be: naturally they wanted so spectacular a show. The Queen herself behaved impeccably. It must have been difficult to appear neither enthusiastic nor blankly dull. She achieved just, and only just, the right degree of naturalness.

I switched constantly from one to the other, and what I heard of both commentators seemed to me to be most competent, in their contrasted ways. Mr Dimbleby, 'lighter' than he used to be – no doubt because he had to learn a new style for *Panorama* – still finds it almost impossible to say 'the Queen' without breathing 'Her Majesty' first. Mr Day was matter-of-fact and briskly colloquial – even about the weather. ('Well, its a dull damp morning,' he began; while Mr Dimbleby spoke, in tones already numinous, of 'a grey, rather still, misty day,' and went on to talk of Nash and the Royal Standard.) By Mr Dimbleby, the Yeomen of the Guard are, correctly, so called: to Mr Day, as to most of his viewers, they are 'Beefeaters'. As the procession left Buckingham Palace, Mr Dimbleby observed: 'You see now how quickly and accurately the pattern of this occasion is moving together. . . Mr Day: 'It was Queen Victoria who took a fancy to this Irish State Coach'. And, of course, it was Mr Day who, so to speak, took us into the Queen's robing-room by telling us that, if she had got her crown on by now, she too would be watching on a TV set in there, the scene in the expectant Lords that we were watching.

So perhaps it is not surprising that, of the two, Mr Day seemed the more anxious to rub in the constitutional lessons. Though they were formally unexceptionable, I thought a few words in the Queen's closing sentence (*'the spirit of hope and purpose* which inspires our parliamentary tradition. . .') likely to be remembered out of context and applied to the present Government. But, while Mr Dimbleby droned sonorously on ('She leaves behind in all of us the memory of a state occasion at its most magnificent. . .'), Mr Day redressed the balance by saying, quite sharply: 'Parliament goes back to work. . . The party battle will be fought hard and long. . . What Government writes the Queen's next speech, and what she will read from this throne next year depends on what we put in the ballot-box.'

TOM DRIBERG

Bubbles of War

THERE are moments in *Me and the Colonel* (Odeon) of such delight that the rest of the film must exasperate or evoke a charitable blind-eye according to temperament. I reacted kindly; for me there was enough gold to outbalance gilt, and the idea triumphed. The idea is of two Poles, one a refugee Jew and the other a mad, romantic aristocrat, flung together in the retreat before the Panzer invasion of France. But the Colonel doesn't retreat – not he. His intention may be to get to England, yet he wears his colonel's uniform and starts off through the German lines in order to pick up the chief of his many loves, an innkeeper's daughter. In order to do this he has to accept the Jew's help – because naturally the other can get petrol where he can't, and has made a business of running away – though his pride prevents him for some time from even speaking directly to such a person. They bargain. They set off. In the refugee stream they are bombed, and all seek the shelter of ditches – except the Colonel, remaining bolt upright at the steering wheel, and the little Jacobowsky crouched behind. They push their old Rolls past Nazi tanks. They get horses when petrol fails. Thanks to the Jew they spend the night, not in the market-place, but in the Royal suite of a chateau where the Colonel gets drunk, has the terrible notion that his girl loves Jacobowsky, and forces him to a duel.

The war is always catching up with them; and this is the strength of the film, that the war is real, and so is the mad intransigence of the Colonel. He is wildly funny, a sacred monster who must never be sentimentally let down. Unfortunately the film does just this; he catches the pink clouds that have been gathering about Jacobowsky for six reels and ends no better than him. Curt Jurgens is slow at the beginning in impressing this peacock upon us, but manages the serenading and the blazing eye and the roared 'Who says the earth's round?' splendidly. Danny Kaye as the Jew has his plastic features set, and they express little except the sentimentality in which the part is enmeshed. This is Peter Glenville's second film, the first being *The Prisoner*. Here he gets away from the theatre. At times he uses the camera ingeniously; but elsewhere it falls into clichés, and he hasn't quite made the bright idea last the course.

WILLIAM WHITEBAIT

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Correspondence

ABORTION AND FAMILY WELFARE

SIR, – May I clarify your helpful but necessarily brief reference to the draft Medical Abortion Bill which has been prepared by the Abortion Law Reform Association? You report me correctly as saying that I would like to see this urgent reform introduced as part of a wider measure that would deal also with measures for family planning. This, I think, is the ideal, because society must endeavour to provide the circumstances which reduce the need for therapeutic abortion. Improvements in social conditions and increasing medical knowledge are important factors. But most crucial in this context has been the failure of successive governments to implement the recommendation of the Royal Commission on Population, which urged that family planning should be an integral part of the National Health Service.

But though I say that this dual-purpose legislative reform would be ideal, the hard facts of political life make it, for the present, impossible. The Home Secretary has made it clear in answers to me and in correspondence that there is no hope of government legislation. The most we can hope for is a private member's bill. This could deal with legalising therapeutic abortion in certain circumstances, but could not make family planning part of the Health Service, because that would cost money, which is forbidden in private member's legislation. For the immediate present, therefore, we must concentrate legislation on changing our barbarous abortion law. But public pressure and demand for adequate family planning must continue. The Family Planning Association is doing wonderful work, but, like most voluntary bodies these days, it is limited by lack of funds and workers.

These subjects are usually looked on as 'non-party' and too dangerous for official programmes. Personally I can never understand why the Labour Party shows so little interest. For it is the poor women, the under-educated, the under-privileged, who are disadvantaged by the injustice of the present situation.

LENA M. JEGER

House of Commons, SW1

A SOCIETY FOR PEOPLE

SIR, – Mr Peter Townsend makes an attack on contemporary British sociology, which deserves to be rebutted not only because of its breath-taking inaccuracy but also because of its wider implications.

Mr Townsend claims to have found little or nothing in recent British sociology of relevance to the problems of our present-day society. If so, it seems that virtually the whole volume of post-war work has escaped his attention: Professor Glass and his colleagues on social stratification and mobility, in a series of studies which have illuminated the rigidity of our social structure and the persistence of narrow limitations upon opportunity; Dr Lockwood, Dr Tropp and Mr Kelsall on different occupational groups whose positions, in their various ways, are of central importance for the understanding of the structure of prestige, privilege and power and the processes of social change in modern Britain – the black-coated workers, the school teachers, the higher civil servants who, in their fastness near the pinnacle of power, have still had their ranks little diluted by entrants from the lower rungs of society. Olive Banks, Jean Floud, Dr Halsey and many others have documented the persistent limitations of an educational system shaped perforce in the image of the class divided society which it serves. Dr McKenzie, Dr Bonham, Mr Benney and their colleagues have studied the working of the political machinery and the social determinants of voting behaviour. Ruth Glass has worked on the empirical irrationality and ideological limitations of town planning; Mr McGregor and others have dealt with the incidence of divorce and the sway of established orthodoxy over public thinking on the subject.

Mr Peter Townsend also neglects the work of Liverpool University, under Professor Simey, Mr Banks, Dr Scott and others, particularly in the field of industrial sociology; of Dr Little and his colleagues at Edinburgh on the coloured minorities in Britain; of Mr Brennan and others at Glasgow on problems of urban blight; or of the many sociologists and medical statisticians working in the field of public health, who have called attention, for instance, to the persistence of severe class differences in morbidity and mortality.

Out of courtesy one must assume that Mr Townsend is aware of this body of research. It would seem, therefore, that he regards it as irrelevant. In his 'utopian view of the definition and scope of sociology', sociologists should devote far more attention, in the first place, to the identification and measurement of poverty. Certainly, the investigation of poverty in its crude and in its more subtle forms is important. Certainly, too, the gross inequalities which have been built into the system of public welfare are important – and it is indeed one of Professor Titmuss's achievements to have focussed attention on them. But to confine sociological research to this would be to ignore the sources from which poverty and economic inequality spring. Mr Townsend calls for 'analysis of social diversity'. In its essential implications this is a retrograde plea for the type of research which can only lead on to ameliorative reform, to individual therapy instead of social reconstruction. Radical social change can only spring from understanding of the uniformities in society, the major cleavages of power, privilege and prestige, whose tenacity in Britain is at the root of the failure of reform and, in consequence, also of that disillusion which Mr Townsend deplores. It is with such matters, directly or indirectly, with whatever degree of success, that the bulk of British sociological research has tried to grapple. Nor are most British sociologists inhibited from this by consciousness of a 'dilemma' between the demands of objectivity and commitment. To most, commitment to definite social and political values is part of their professional code. It is the justification for their existence, and without it 'objectivity' would be purposeless.

Mr Townsend's dismissal of studies 'dealing with overseas affairs' as, by implication, irrelevant, seems characteristic. Are sociologists to be so parochial that they ignore the pressing problems of a world in process of rapid social change in favour of nostalgic preoccupation with the diverse ramifications of kinship in Bethnal Green?

J. H. WESTERGAARD

London School of Economics

SIR, – All readers must have greatly appreciated Mr Peter Townsend's article on social policy in your last edition. However, he did not sufficiently underline the fact that his view of sociology is a most controversial one: certainly it is not a 'utopian view'.

If one takes the definition of sociology as the science of the development and nature and laws of human society, then it is obvious that the realm of sociology goes far beyond a study of the 'submerged five per cent' as Mr Townsend would have it. His mistaken conception of the proper emphasis of sociology stems from the strength of the British tradition of empirical research, and his own desire to make the subject problem-oriented.

And so it is because of his misconception that he can make the remarkable statement that not enough research work is being done today into the lives of the aged, the poor and the destitute . . . by sociologists. Admittedly, we want to know more about the 'worse-off' sections in the community, but surely most social research in the past has centred around these people simply because it was philanthropically generated. The point I am trying to make is that Mr Townsend may be a Socialist, or a philanthropist or a social research worker, but with such a narrow view of society he is not a sociologist. All the door-knockers in the smutty back streets contribute little to the science of sociology, however good their cause.

B. M. STEWART

Passfield Hall
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LANCASHIRE AND HONG KONG

SIR, – At the Cotton Board Conference at Harrogate I asked the Prime Minister: 'Would it not be an effective way of raising the standard of living in

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ROUND TWO: Where does Sherry come from? (a) Jerez, (b) Andalusia, (c) Spain.

ROUND THREE: What is a *Palomino*? (a) A friendly Italian, (b) a grape vine, (c) an edible sea-worm.

ROUND FOUR: If a man invited you to see his *bodega* would you (a) slap his face, (b) change the subject, (c) go, and take a friend.

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eastern countries to deflect, by a small weighting of the balance of trading conditions, a larger proportion of eastern textiles to the eastern peoples themselves, who are so desperately in need of these basic necessities.' He replied that he could not agree more and that this was in effect the basis of his policy, but it was no answer to me or to Lancashire.

The problem of imports from Hong Kong is complicated by the fact that Hong Kong is close to a hole in the iron curtain and that it is impossible to distinguish between cloth spun and woven in Hong Kong and cloth routed into the Commonwealth through Hong Kong from other eastern countries. The control of this entrepôt trade is certainly something for governments to settle.

It is claimed by the Prime Minister, and by yourself in your last issue, that the question of how much genuine, Hong Kong-made, cloth should come to the UK is a trade matter to be settled by cotton interests only. But why? 'Hong Kong' cloth is coming here by the simple principle that the merchant buys in the cheapest market – the Hong Kong mills, China or Japan – and sells in the most profitable market: UK with imperial preference. There is no business reason why he should not; no reason why he, a merchant, should suddenly feel worker-solidarity with Lancashire spinners and weavers and cut his profits. If Hong Kong can pay for western goods only by selling cotton cloth to UK it means that any agreement to reduce the present volume of exports and control the level henceforth would be an agreement to reduce the rate at which the standard of living in the East is being raised. This also is certainly a question for governments. Underdeveloped countries can be industrialised by building the most modern production units the West can devise and, with rice-standard wages, producing the cheapest goods the world has ever seen; or, with far less capital cost, the half-employed peasant communities can be equipped with western tools. The first method brings the maximum of dislocation and distress to western producers: now cotton and leather, next perhaps hosiery, footwear, electrical components. The second is far more certain to raise the actual standard of living of the people. How the balance is to be struck between the two; to bring cheap power, for instance, to the East and keep unemployment and diversity of work under control in the West is a matter of world statesmanship. Neither you nor the government should leave such responsibilities to Lancashire cotton interests and the Hong Kong millowners alone.

Alfred W. Bayes

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ROCKLIFF
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KENYA SETTLERS

Sir, – The European Agricultural Settlement Board of Kenya is appealing to redundant army officers to come out and settle in the Kenya Highlands. It is also offering development loans in proportion to the amount of capital the prospective settler can supply.

At this moment there is deadlock in the Kenya Legislative Council over the future of the country. The African elected members are asking for a gradual advance towards full democracy; the Europeans and the government favour a multi-racial government or 'partnership'. The Africans look down to Central Africa and suspect that any kind of multi-racial government means continued European domination. This action of the EASB – a government-sponsored body – will go a long way to convince them that they are right.

The reservation of the Kenya Highlands for European settlement only has for years been the bitterest grievance of the Kenya African. This appeal shows that the European not only has no intention of opening the Highlands to African farmers but is also determined to strengthen his own position. The fact that the appeal has been made specifically to *military* men will be made much of in the Nairobi beer-halls.

A similar amount of money spent on settling a small number of properly trained African farmers on the Highlands would have gone a long way to convince the Africans of the good faith of the government. Instead bitterness and discontent will be increased. When will the Kenya European realise that the future of the country lies with the six million Africans and that his future depends upon the amount of goodwill he can build up in these crucial years?

Catherine Hoskyns

Enugu
Eastern Nigeria

KITCHENER AS COMMANDER

Sir, – Surely Paul Johnson, though his general estimate of Kitchener is reasonable enough, is wrong about both Omdurman and Paardeberg. I thought that, while Kitchener brought his troops on to the ground at Omdurman very successfully, he nearly made a bad mess of the battle, and that it was only the steadiness of the Egyptian troops, under MacDonald, which defeated an unexpected attack from the rear of his right wing, which averted disaster. Paul Johnson seems to think that Kitchener behaved excellently in that battle. On the other hand, he says that Kitchener lost the battle of Paardeberg. I thought that, though the frontal assault ordered by Kitchener on the first day failed, the battle as a whole resulted in the capture of the whole of Cronje's force; which was about as complete a victory as could be required.

So far as I know, there is no evidence that Kitchener at any time was a good commander in the field. Both Omdurman and Paardeberg were won by preliminary organisation, for which he would seem to be entitled to some credit; though on both of these occasions he mishandled his troops when it came to fighting.

W. Lyon Blease

14 Water Street
Liverpool 2

THE YERSHOV BROTHERS

Sir, – Your Moscow correspondent in last week's issue refers to V. Kochetov's novel *The Yershov Brothers* and, in particular, to a passage where a speaker is shouted down when he suggests that victory in the late war was won by a joint effort of the British and Americans as well as of the Russians.

A close reading of the passage concerned shows that what has provoked the audience in this case is not the speaker's argument but his tactlessness in mentioning the war at all, since he is known to have been a collaborator of the Germans. If, say, a known wartime Fascist were to get up and hypocritically remind an industrial gathering in this country of the heroism of Stalingrad, he would probably be shouted down too.

Kochetov's novel is, in part, about the reintegration of collaborators; it is not about Britain's and America's role in the war. I hold no particular brief for the book – it strikes me as crude and rash in many ways. But it would be a pity if your readers were misled by an incomplete reference into thinking that today's Russians are concerned with belittling the Anglo-American contribution to victory.

Anna Bostock

4 Nutley Terrace, NW3

EDWARD THOMAS

Sir, – In your issue of 11 October a review was published of a recent book: *Edward Thomas: The Last Four Years.* Thomas, as is well known, was killed by a German shell at Arras in 1917. He left three children and a widow whose devotion is well known to all those who care for Thomas's poetry.

May I, without debating the issue, regret that in this review Mrs Thomas was treated with so little consideration? It was both ungenerous and unwise to deal with a complex family relationship in two brief and dogmatic sentences.

R. J. Gates

128 Silverdale Road
Earley, Reading

HIC RHODUS, HIC SALTA!

Sir, – In 'London Diary', Maurice Richardson has taken to task the editors of *World Marxist Review* for inserting into a quotation from Marx the 'eccentric rendering' of the above phrase – 'Here is the rose, here dance!'

But Mr Richardson is in error. This sprightly insertion was not the work of modern neo-Cominternist editors, but of the Old Man himself – as can be verified by consulting the text in *Marx and Engels Selected Works*, Vol. I, page 251, published by Lawrence and Wishart.

Maurice Cornforth

Lawrence & Wishart Ltd
81 Chancery Lane, WC2

GENERAL WINGATE

Sir, – Having completed a biography of the late Major General Orde Wingate, I am looking for suitable illustrations. If any of your readers have unpublished photographs of Wingate, preferably with negatives, which they are willing to lend for publication, I would be most grateful if they would communicate with me.

Christopher Sykes

Collins
14 St James's Place, SW1

FENNER BROCKWAY

Sir, – Will those who have tickets for Fenner Brockway's 70th Birthday Party on 2 November marked 'St Pancras Town Hall', please note that the party will now take place at the Holborn Hall, Gray's Inn Road, at the same time, 6 to 10 p.m. We are hoping to see a very large gathering of his friends and if there is still anyone who would like to contribute towards his present they will not be too late.

Helen Bastable
Secretary

Fenner Brockway 70th Birthday Committee
MCF Social Club
374 Gray's Inn Road, WC1

Mid-Autumn Books

THE YOUNG MAN FROM GRENOBLE

On 16 October 1832, returning from a reverie at sunset on the Janiculum Hill in Rome, Stendhal wrote, 'I am going to be fifty', inside the belt of his white English trousers. (Characteristically he wrote it in code: Imgo ingt obe 5.) The time had come, he decided, to write his own life, to find out what sort of a man he had been – gay or gloomy, wit or fool, brave man or coward, happy or unhappy; above all, the last, for 'I call a man's *character* his habitual manner of pursuing happiness'. He did not propose to publish the book in his lifetime. It was to be 'discovered' a generation later when, the mode of feeling having changed, it might awaken curiosity. Such was the beginning of *The Life of Henri Brulard**, a skeleton and collection of terse, pungent notes, without much 'flesh or smile' on them and never finished. The manuscript remained in the municipal library of Grenoble until 1890; no authoritative edition appeared until 1953 when it was edited by Henri Martineau, and we now have the first English version of this from the hands of able translators. Many readers will feel the lack of a biographical introduction. Many more will regret that the late T. W. Earp never put together the standard *Life* to which we could refer.

Stendhal, like Montaigne, had the art of interesting us avidly in himself. His *Letters* are among the best and most exposing in the French language and as a statement of character, in his sense, few are richer than *Henri Brulard*. We know his story and its people well; they are an obsession. We can see the hated father, 'the bastard', fussing with his properties and his fertilisers; we see the adored dead young mother, the vinegarish Aunt Séraphie, the raffish uncle coming to look up his old mistresses, Aunt Elizabeth – 'so Spanish' – the Voltairean grandfather. We know civil war in the family stiffened by grief, with its locked bedroom, fearful of property, excessively alarmed about the Revolution; and we can see the jealous, lonely, scornful boy who is a politician and an enemy before his time. We know his triumphant escape to Paris, his astonishment quickly covered by a pose of contempt for 'the weakness' of his father's tears; and then the shaming provincial disappointment with the city: no mountains, no food like the food of Grenoble, and the wrong set. And then the slogging with the army in the wet across the Saint Bernard Pass, the first exposure to action which was like a loss of virginity, and the rhapsody of Milan where *Henri Brulard* breaks off and Stendhal's *Diaries* must be taken up. He is pre-eminently the psychologist of young men.

The *Diaries*, naturally, are more active, naked and filled in than *Henri Brulard* is. This has to bear the slurring of reflection and the bewilderment of missing memory; but it is not the usual work of a man blandly collecting a stylised past. Stendhal is one of those hard, botanical writers who boldly will themselves into the dry present tense. He is never really in the past, but always in the making. The theme is the present search, and he has a conscious contempt for time; it may turn other people into anecdotes, but not him. He sets to work in a spirit which is a mixture of the scientific and the military. He sees life as a campaign that creeps logically forward in the dissolving wake of the early morning haze of a romantic dream.

The aim is to get to the bottom of a lifetime's self-invention which was his signal achievement. Where among all the possible identities which he called Julien Sorel, Fabrice, Lucien Leuwen, the egotist in London, the lover of *De l'Amour*, is the real one? To wake up stupid memory he filled his manuscript with sketches, plans of rooms, marking the place of beds and tables, plans of houses, the districts of Grenoble, the itinerary of those boring walks with his father or the loathed 'jesuitical' tutors, marking the exact spot A, where so-and-so said this or that. He sought the exhaustiveness of the psycho-analyst but one who ignored dreams because the true dream was life itself.

A lot of this has the pedantry of old family quarrels, but it reveals that glitter of fanaticism in Stendhal's character which made a timid man seem frightening. One really begins to believe that his father bit his head off for laughing at *Don Quixote* and that the emotional boy really went down on his knees in his room and thanked God when he heard Aunt Séraphie was dead at last. Stendhal's hatred of tyranny was born in the home and those haters never compound later in life, nor lose the pride of it. At fifty he has reached the contemplative precision. He sees himself, an oldish man sitting on a bench writing with his walking-stick the names of the women he has loved in the dust, noting the possessed and the unpossessed.

> Really I have never been ambitious, but in 1811 I thought myself ambitious. The usual condition of my life has been that of an unhappy lover, fond of music and painting, that is to say of enjoying the products of those arts, not of practising them unskilfully. I have sought out fine landscapes, with an exquisite sensitivity; I have travelled for that reason alone. Landscapes played on my soul like a fiddle bow; views that nobody else praised (the line of rocks near Arbois, as you come up from the Dôle by the main road, I think was for me a tangible and manifest symbol of Métilde's soul). I see that I have loved day-dreaming above all things, even above enjoying the reputation of a wit . . . . Since I have been in Rome, I haven't been witty more than once a week and then for only five minutes at a time; I prefer day-dreaming.

It is not a good word. There is more than Bovaryism in Stendhal. The word is 'reverie' in the sense of contemplation. Of course, so much of Stendhal is for effect; but the desire for effect is part of a genuine personal revolution – he rather conveys that the true French Revolution is himself; the other simply produced shopkeepers, people who could add up and haggle. He continually congratulates himself on his lack of self-interest. (His bourgeois parents did not, however, produce the aristocrat they wished for, but an intellectual of the vintage of 1925.) He is an outsider, but a self-made one; his superiority lies in the fact that he has not inherited a personality, but has created it. He does not wallow in the lack of it like the pathological outsiders of our time. His passion for freedom was positive. He was glad that it meant loneliness. Morose he can be; self-pitying never. He knows the imagination burns up; that melancholy and boredom follow. At this point he brings out his 'humour', like a gun, and he was quick to recognise the same quality in the English. His observation or creation of the ridiculous must have been as continuous as his habit of reverie; they must have gone together. In *Henri Brulard*, over and over again, one hears the sudden crack of a shot. About the well-worn subject of hypocrisy and vulgarity in Grenoble:

> Thanks to Mme Vignon and Aunt Séraphie I had conceived for this essential condition of success in present-day society a violent aversion which has done me much harm and which verges on physical revulsion. After prolonged contact with a hypocrite I begin to feel seasick (just a month ago the Italian spoken by the Chevalier Tallenay forced Countess Sandre to unlace her corset, witnessed at . . . November, 1835).

Dislocation of character leads, in writing, to the sense of disproportion. Literature would be spiritless without it. No grotesque, for example, no satire, no farce – even no heresy and, above all, no good sense – that great resort of wounded temperaments. *Henri Brulard* is too much of a skeleton to show Stendhal as one of the supreme psychologists; but he was, as his *Letters* show, capable of that form of expression outside of his works. His maturity at 22, in a letter to his sister, is astonishing, when he is pulling Mme de Staël to pieces. She has imagined that ecstasy and happiness are the same thing. He has gone through that, too, he says, and is cured but she is not.

> Had not Mme de Staël sought to be more passionate than nature and early education had made her, she would have created masterpieces. She has sought to depart from her natural pitch, she has created works full of excellent thoughts, prints of a *reflective* character, and they lack everything that depends upon having a *tender* character. Since, however, she has wished to indulge in tenderness, she has lapsed into a farrago of nonsense. . . . She does not feel the happiness of loving, she is interested only in having her love requited.

He is the one Romantic who has not made a god of glut.

If one could ask Stendhal about the effect of the French Revolution and the Napoleonic wars, his answers would surely have been: They enabled one Henri Beyle to become a personal alternative to the tyranny that ended and the bourgeois society that was established. No one can accuse Stendhal, as Flaubert can be accused, of being a bourgeois all the time without knowing it. An alternative like this, he saw, requires its myths – 'my espagnolismo' – and the many personalities that are discarded before the hardened object appears. There was, for example, all the time wasted in thinking about his genius. Ten years idiotically lost. 'Write something every day', the middle-aged man says, trailing his walking-stick in the dust as he sits on the park bench, to the young man he remembers in Paris. 'Write something every day for a couple of hours, genius or no genius.' The *rêveur* worked like a black. The immense, decided reading – *La Nouvelle Heloïse* saves him from becoming a blackguard – the military campaigns, the continual travel, the exhaustive diaries, the innumerable long letters written with a spontaneity possible, in the main, only to very disciplined minds, the occasional archæologist, full-time consul getting sailors out of prison, the political intriguer, the critic, journalist, novelist – all these are possible to a man who is alone. He must fill the empty room with words. The great writers are the over-producers. We have the parallel of Henry James who said, with some horror, that an artist must be prepared to stick out loneliness without compromise. It sounds like a martyrdom but, of course, to the egotist it is not Stendhal never finished – quite finished – off any self; there is always a break, a fizzling out before, as in *Henri Brulard*, he begins the whole thing again.

---

* *The Life of Henri Brulard*. By STENDHAL. Translated by JEAN STEWART and B. C. J. G. KNIGHT. *Merlin Press*. 25s.

V. S. PRITCHETT

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FRANK NORMAN

"Without apparent effort he makes all the attempts of his numberless predecessors in the writing of prison dialogue seem clumsy and spurious. At the same time he brings much of the narrative skill and style of Rabelais, W. W. Jacobs, O. Henry, Fred Bason and Damon Runyon to the plain business of telling his stories . . . I can't remember the last time I laughed aloud when reading."
—C. H. ROLPH, *New Statesman.*
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Secker & Warburg

Mother Get Up, Unbar the Door

Mother get up, unbar the door,
Throw wide the window-pane,
I see a man stand all covered in sand
Outside in Vicarage Lane.

His body is shot with seventy stars,
His face is cold as Cain,
His coat is a crust of desert dust
And he comes from Alamein.

He has not felt the flaking frost,
He has not felt the rain,
And not one blow of the burning snow
Since the night that he was slain.

O mother, in your husband's arms
Too long now you have lain,
Rise up, my dear, your true-love's here
Upon the peaceful plain.

Though, mother, on your broken brow
Forty long years are lain,
The soldier they slew at twenty-two
Never a one does gain.

I will unlock the fine front-door
And snap the silver chain,
And meek as milk in my skin of silk
I'll ease him of his pain.

My breast has been for years eighteen
As white as Charles's wain,
But now I'm had by a soldier lad
Whistling *Lilli Marlene.*

Farewell to Jack, farewell to Jim,
And farewell Mary Jane,
Farewell the good green sisterhood
Knitting at purl and plain.

Go wash the water from your eye,
The bullet from your brain.
I'm drowned as a dove in the tunnel of love
And I'll never come home again.

CHARLES CAUSLEY

An Old Man Dying of Cancer

A voice inside him asks for a little soup:
That voice has taken everything. Stifled in rugs,
Scornfully he watches us feast at the piled table,
Keeping himself alive with hope and drugs.

Brisk, trilby-hatted in the photographs
Of two years back, what can now disguise
The meaning of the scribbled hieroglyphs
In sunken cheek and hollow guarded eyes?

He knows why these inquiring relatives come
To wait on him. Forced to a hard bargain,
He has put aside vanity, quietly accepted his
doom.
A knife of pain unstitches that self-made man.

The room is overfurnished for that ascetic grace.
Hand raised like a pope's, gravely asserting
His last will, smiling, he staves off our embrace,
Sorry to embarrass us with his parting.

CHRISTOPHER LEVENSON

A Political Tragedy

Sir Charles Dilke. By ROY JENKINS. *Collins.* 25*s.*

Charles Dilke's tragedy was that of the wholly political man. All his eggs were in the parliamentary basket: in a moment of time, by means of a sheet of notepaper, they were smashed. One moment he was almost Prime Minister designate; the next he was unemployable for the rest of his life. He was in his forties: what was he to do with the years which stretched relentlessly ahead?

Dilke was in many ways the perfect politician. He was immensely capable, endlessly industrious, with a memory like Harold Wilson's. He held, undeviatingly, from first to last, sound conventionally liberal-radical views. He had ample private means; was a baronet ('though by no means an aristocrat'). He was coarse-grained and insensitive enough to be able to stand an almost infinite amount of the wear and tear of public life. What could keep such a man down? And till 1885 nothing did. His rise into the high leadership of the Liberal Party was continuous and very rapid. Gladstone was ageing fast: the Whig notables were fading from the scene. Dilke and Chamberlain were the two coming men. Both were in the Cabinet already. It had been agreed between them that Dilke was to be the next leader.

And then one morning a young woman of 22 called Mrs Crawford confessed to her husband that she had long been Dilke's mistress. A complex flood of further confessions and accusations followed: not only had Dilke, she said, gone to bed with her on numerous specified occasions; he had also done so with numerous other specified ladies, and on several specified occasions with her and one of his housemaids simultaneously. (It was this last culminating accusation which gave rise to a famous cartoon in *The Pink 'Un* [*The Referee*] which my father used to tell me about. Its caption read: 'Sir Charles Dilke's bedroom' and the picture simply showed a normal double bed with three, instead of two, pillows on it. This is the only piece of Dilke tradition I ever heard of which Mr Jenkins does not mention.)

Dilke's agony was long-drawn-out. At first it was by no means certain that Mrs Crawford's original accusation had ruined him. On the contrary, at the original trial the judge ruled that there was no case for Dilke to answer. His counsel did not put him into the witness box in order to declare his innocence. His luck as well as his legal advice were unbearably bad. Gladstone formed a Cabinet in the short time *between* Mrs Crawford's original accusation and Dilke's (apparent) vindication at the first trial. He was dropped. And, like an egg, a politician once dropped is hard to pick up again.

Then Stead, the radical, nonconformist, holier-than-thou journalist went to work on him. Dilke found that at all costs he had to prove his innocence. The only way he could do so, it appeared, was for the Queen's Proctor to bring an action in the course of which Dilke had to prove that he had *not* had relations with Mrs Crawford. He was in the terrible position of having to prove a negative. In a long and awful trial he disastrously failed to do so. His ruin seemed complete.

Mr Jenkins's account of all this is full, cool, detached, judicious, and yet not without profound sympathy for the man upon the rack. His conclusion is that Dilke was almost certainly innocent, in the sense that he had not had relations with Mrs Crawford; but that he had had those relations with her mother (admittedly) and in all probability with a good many others both of the *dramatis personæ* of the case and other women of London.

The most sensational incident in the book concerns Joseph Chamberlain. Just before the catastrophe Dilke had forced Gladstone to give Chamberlain a seat in the Cabinet. They were thus close friends, staying for weeks at a time in each other's houses, and even closer political collaborators. But Dilke was the senior and the heir-apparent to the Liberal leadership. Now it emerged some time after the trial, and was then admitted by Chamberlain, that on the afternoon of the day on which Mrs Crawford made her fatal accusation against Dilke she called on Joseph Chamberlain. Yet Chamberlain concealed the fact of this visit as long as he could and would never give any account of what passed between him and Mrs Crawford that afternoon. Some contemporaries of Dilke's were convinced that Dilke was the victim of the most diabolical political assassination in British history at the hand of his friend. Mr Jenkins thinks this unlikely, but, as he says, the fact of the visit and of Chamberlain's concealments about it have to be accounted for. He is inclined to think that although Chamberlain did not instigate Mrs Crawford, yet he failed to make any real attempts to dissuade her – 'Thou shalt not kill, yet need not strive Officiously to keep alive'. Be that as it may, this is another instance of the fact that whenever you go into any episode of Chamberlain's life, you encounter the smell of sulphur.

There remains the political as distinct from the personal tragedy. If Dilke had not been ruined, would the Liberals have successfully reorganised themselves as a party of social reform in the early Nineties, prevented the Chamberlain split and so averted the twenty years of Tory dominance, from the evil effects of which we are, in my humble opinion, still suffering? Probably not: this would be surely too personal a reading of history. Ireland and South Africa would have been immensely difficult things for the Liberal Party to cope with whoever had led it. Still, in Dilke the Liberals lost an immensely capable man who might have made a significant difference.

Mr Jenkins has done us all a real service by telling, as well as it could possibly be told, this terrible story. His book is brilliantly illustrated with photographs which bring the men and women in the drama before us face to face. Everyone should read the story for the sake of its rending human tragedy. Mr Jenkins is himself a politician of high promise and it is politicians who will be especially moved and instructed. Late Victorian Britain, out of which so many of our present problems and attitudes originally grew – either directly or by reaction – comes alive in Mr Jenkins's book.

JOHN STRACHEY

Heavenly Signatures

Thomas Traherne: Centuries, Poems and Thanksgivings. Edited by H. M. MARGOLIOUTH. *Oxford.* 2 vols. 84*s*.

By chance, or more likely by providence, it was to our own undeserving century that the works of Traherne first became known – together with the major works of Blake, whom in many ways he resembles. The story of the discovery that an old manuscript bought for a few pence on a bookstall, at first attributed to Henry Vaughan, was the work of a forgotten Welsh clergyman, is one of the romances of bibliography. The discoverer of Thomas Traherne was Bertram Dobell, his first editor; and the story is briefly summarised by Mr Margoliouth, together with the little that was then known, or has since

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— ELSPETH HUXLEY, B.B.C. CRITICS.

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With this novel, set in medieval Japan, David Stacton completes the triptych he began with *Remember Me*, about Ludwig II of Bavaria, and *On a Balcony*, the story of the Pharaoh Akhnaton and his queen Nefertiti. 15/-

Endgame SAMUEL BECKETT

" Beckett's baleful and brilliant dramatic *tour de force*."—TIMES LITERARY SUPPLEMENT. Now playing at the Royal Court Theatre. 10/6

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JOHN OSBORNE & ANTHONY CREIGHTON

The text of their Royal Court success, a play charged with the same intelligence and vitality as Mr Osborne's *Look Back in Anger* and *The Entertainer*. 10/6

FABER AND FABER

been discovered, about a life as inwardly happy as it was outwardly obscure.

Traherne was the son of a Hereford shoemaker and, perhaps through the kindness of his uncle, the innkeeper and mayor of Hereford, went to Oxford, attained some distinction as a scholar, became Rector of Credenhall as a young man of twenty-two, and later chaplain to Sir Orlando Bridgeman, Keeper of the Great Seal after the Restoration. He died before he was forty. Beyond this we know from an aside in Aubrey's *Lives* that he possessed the second sight.

Mr Margoliouth excels in presenting every relevant fact and textual variant that scholarship may require, concisely and unobtrusively. Dobell's editions of the poems and the *Centuries* modernised the spelling and punctuation. Miss Wade's edition (1932) restored the original spelling, but Mr Margoliouth has for the first time restored the text of some of the manuscript poems to Traherne's own versions. Many alterations and deletions were made by his brother, who evidently hoped to publish them. How great these improvements are, a comparison of the two versions (both are given, in all cases, when this has been done) leaves us in no doubt.

Few would question that Traherne's purest poetry is in his prose *Centuries*. The poems – where the same thoughts, the same images, often appear – are in comparison prosaic. Traherne seems trammelled by the curious verse-forms that, in common with Donne, Herbert and Vaughan (all Welshman, more or less), he employs. The elaborate structures that in Donne seem moulded by the energies of his thought and feeling, that Herbert could make suave and Vaughan magical (when he is not tedious), seem, to Traherne, like a heavy shell clumsily dragged about by a hermit-crab. There are beautiful exceptions – *News, The Salutation, Wonder*; or, in quite another vein, *Shadow in the Water* and *On Leaping over the Moon*, in mood more akin to de la Mare than to the Metaphysicals. But the *Centuries*, probably his latest work, possess what the poems lack: beauty of rhythm and organic unity of form that is perfectly shaped to, and by, the poet's ecstatic thought.

The Story of Communism in America

Masters of Deceit

by J. Edgar Hoover

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Almost an Island

A Novel by Elaine Howis

" There is plenty of room for all kinds of novel. *Almost an Island* is meant to be enjoyed rather than believed, and by light-fiction readers it will be."—*News Chronicle.* 15*s.*

Under Milk Wood (*Acting Edition*)

Dylan Thomas

The script for the Henry Sherek stage production, first seen at the 1956 Edinburgh Festival. With full stage directions in the text; appendices on lighting, furniture and properties. Frontispiece and music of the songs. Paper covers. 7*s.* 6*d.*

DENT

If the poems are constricted by their form, the *Thanksgivings* are unreadable by their lack of it. These strange prose-pieces, so filled with Biblical quotations that it is sometimes hard to know when Traherne passes from some quotation from the Psalms into rhapsody of his own, have little merit; but they do give us insight into the fervour of this young Welshman, whose communings with himself took the form of these barely readable outpourings of prayer and praise.

Sir Herbert Read has praised the *Centuries* as the finest prose in the language. They are a glorification of the joy of life in the created world, seen with the pure vision of Adam in Eden, the birthright of every child, and recoverable by the soul that walks with God. A West of England market town transformed by the divine light was Traherne's version of the Holy City. This vision is rare, not because market-towns have changed so much (Credenhall may not have been so very different from Cookham), but because a Thomas Traherne is as rare as a Stanley Spencer or an Edwin Muir. The dust of this world was holy to Traherne, and its men and women and children he saw among the 'ten thousand times ten thousand' who in eternity praise God.

Yet Traherne's vision, or Blake's, that 'everything that lives is holy' is not altogether, or only, a happy gift of nature; nor is the often-noted resemblance of these two poets altogether accidental. The vision is not all natural ecstasy; it has philosophic roots as well. Traherne's Christianity was much coloured by Platonism ('Moses and Tymaeus' he brackets together), by the *Hermetica*, and doubtless by the 'Mosaical' philosophy of the alchemists, the current and still dominant natural philosophy of the seventeenth century. Common to all of these is the view, everywhere apparent in Traherne, of the physical world as the image, reflection or 'signature' of a spiritual order that upholds it. Paradoxically, matter itself loses all value and quality when seen in the terms of a materialist philosophy. It no longer possesses any spiritual correlative; and never, surely, has it been debased to such worthless ugliness as in this age whose philosophy is dedicated to its exaltation. Matter and the natural world have never, on the contrary, been so glorified as by those civilisations (Greek, Indian, medieval Christian) that affirm that it is the signature of an intelligible spiritual order. One might say Traherne is typically Western and Christian in his vision of a glorified physical world. One might also say a materialist tendency in Christianity has led to the de-spiritualisation of Western materialism; but Traherne's Christianity is not of this kind. He is full of echoes of Plato and Platonism, and above all of a passage in the tenth book of the *Hermetica*, often copied and quoted during the seventeenth century (by both Fludd and Thomas Vaughan, for example), on the unbounded nature of the soul, that can travel in thought to any part of the universe. If Traherne is the poet of the holiness of the material world, he is so in the context of a philosophy that saw spirit not in world, but world in spirit, or mind. Platonic – or Neo-Platonic – doctrine, likewise, is his vision of the radical innocence of the soul. The vision of childhood's innocence, common to Traherne, Blake, Vaughan and Wordsworth, has its firm philosophic roots in the philosophy of Plotinus and his school. Blake, battling against the materialist philosophy of Locke and Newton, returned to the seventeenth-century 'mosaical' philosophers, the *Hermetica*, and the Neo-Platonists for his ammunition. Let no reader of Traherne or of Blake suppose that the golden vision that they shared was the result of some natural gift not given to all human beings in some measure. Their childhoods were like those of other children not too early overshadowed by unhappiness and ugliness, but for the recovery of the vision, both poets owed more to those philosophic studies that enabled them to see the true nature of the physical world (and therefore its holiness) than to the happy accident of temperament.

KATHLEEN RAINE

In the Monkey Cage

Picasso: His Life and Work. By ROLAND PENROSE. *Gollancz.* 25*s.*

If there is an excuse for curiosity about the life and character of any painter, it is Picasso. Sometimes it seems as if the whole enigmatic character of the modern movement were simply his character. So many of its crises are in fact his crises. Its uncertain disposition, its love and its destructiveness, in fact often reflect nothing more than the mysterious nature of this one terrific talent. If a life ever needed writing it is this one.

Yet the task is, in any normal sense, an impossible one. Mr Penrose has written an excellent book, but the essential material is illegible. There are no Letters to go with this Life. There is a succession of moves and mistresses, but apart from them there is only the work and when it comes to that – '*You* tell me what it means', the artist says. We naturally seek clues to the work in the life. We find a very few. Picasso's wife was pregnant when he embarked on the tumid nudes of 1920-21. Mlle Roque's likeness to one of Delacroix's Algerians may have suggested something. And so on. But that is all. No external happening that has been recorded so far sheds the least light on the really important issues, on the painting of the *Demoiselles d'Avignon*, for instance, that failure which turned out to be the crucial picture of the century, in 1907.

1907 was surely the critical point, and the prototype of half the subsequent crises of twentieth-century painting, yet biography can tell us almost nothing about it. Some of the artistic sources and processes (which are properly the business of a different kind of study) are noted in this book, and Mr Penrose tells much of interest about Picasso's background, the artistic life of Barcelona in the Nineties. The essential mystery remains: no one who was in touch with Picasso at the time has anything to say of the frame of mind in which this extraordinary revulsion took place. The background is in itself an unexpected one. It is odd that the *fin de siècle* æstheticism of Barcelona, in which literature and illustration played a bigger part than painting, should have nourished the great painter of the twentieth century, and indeed stimulated at first a vein of invention apparently rather shallow by comparison with the humane achievements which had lately crowned the work of the great French post-Impressionists. Although the immediate sources of the *Demoiselles d'Avignon* were found in France, French painting is a misleading context in which to look at it. The essential thing about Picasso's background was precisely that it had so little to do with French painting. He approached the sequence of post-Impressionist styles from outside, and at exactly the moment when their sensuous richness was

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beginning to look a little hollow. Looked at from outside, from the poetic, linear, perverse standpoint of the æsthetic movement, and from the direction of Spain into the bargain, one can imagine the vacuous lusciousness of Fauvism inspiring, in a great talent, nothing but a terrific irritation, and a positive contempt for the basically visual consistency of French painting – an irritation at that moment even with the art of Matisse himself, the careful, almost respectable, near-middle-aged gentleman who had just painted *La Joie de Vivre*.

With great painters, and most of all with one whose genius is for the present, for extemporisation and impromptu, the Work *is* the Life. At the moment in 1907 when the visual unity of painting burst apart, no doubt personal pressures bore most heavily on it. The traces of them vanished in the explosion: the meaning of the result is not merely personal – just as the style that emerged, the style of the twentieth century, the art of fragmentation, is not a purely personal one. We cannot often reconstruct the exact personal determinants of painting: the most enlightening book about a painter is rarely his biography.

Mr Penrose's book has much useful biography and a solid commentary on the pictures. He also deals out occasionally, with admirable poker-face, a sample or two of the current French (or nonsense) style of Picasso criticism; the book would perhaps be incomplete without them. But his chief subject is rather what it is like to be Picasso's friend, and that, too, is very germane to the problem. Any thinking about Picasso is apt, after all, to resolve into meditation upon the peculiar sensation of being Picasso's contemporary. The theme is a fruitful one.

The phase during which Picasso appeared occupied with the further evolution of a post-Impressionist æsthetic, the 'analytical' phase of cubism, was a short one: his enduring preoccupation is very different. Greeting friends he will start the conversation: 'So, here we are in the monkey cage'. What seems to concern him most is improvising new views and images of life and man, extemporising alternative mirrors for humanity in its new world, throwing out new, impromptu canons of human shape and proportion. The essence of his virtuosity is, at the end of the immemorial image-making tradition, and forgetting none of it, to recapture for imagery the quality of a natural impromptu impulse. Improvising, with his native impatient wit, he remains human. And what he improvises, when the marvellous trick works, is nothing less than man's view of himself, a jazzy, macabre, amorous, impromptu view – attributable to the age and society or to the painter, whichever you like, to love or hate, to virtue or to vice: it doesn't matter which. In the long view they are the same.

LAWRENCE GOWING

The Antarctic Knights

The Crossing of Antarctica. By SIR VIVIAN FUCHS and SIR EDMUND HILLARY. *Cassell. 30s.*

No great journey of exploration can have left so utterly garbled an impression upon the public mind as Sir Vivian Fuchs's trans-Antarctic crossing completed this year, and it may be as well to summarise the facts before any discussion of the account now published by the leader and his assistant. Sir Vivian Fuchs is a serious and very able scientist who had long dreamed of determining the true nature and contours of the Antarctic continent lying hidden beneath ice that is in places nearly two miles thick. This could only be accomplished by a highly organised and mechanised crossing of the whole ice-mass, taking laborious seismological soundings and other precision observations that would build up a picture of past and present conditions. There was no single target, there would be no single moment of triumph such as standing at the summit of Everest or planting a flag at a virgin Pole. The Pole itself was by now a base for a group of American scientists, with many of the amenities of civilisation inside the buildings, and aircraft on the snow outside. It was, of course, a stage on the necessary journey, and it offered invaluable facilities, but it was in no sense the goal.

It was clear that Fuchs must have a supporting party, starting from the opposite side of the ice-mass and laying supply depots for use during the last third of his journey. Sir Edmund Hillary, the New Zealander knighted for his ascent of Everest, was selected to lead this support party – a somewhat curious choice, for his name would immediately dominate the image of the expedition. The last depot that he was to lay was some 500 miles short of the Pole; there he was to await Fuchs and guide him over the reconnoitred route. This plan was interrupted by incidents that led to intense friction between the leader and Sir Edmund, who, the public are a little apt to forget, was his subordinate. Having laid his depots, very efficiently, Sir Edmund did not wait for Fuchs at the last of them. Instead, he made a surprise dash for the Pole, arriving there in a blaze of publicity while Fuchs was still 350 miles from it. (When, 46 years ago, Scott reached the Pole to find Amundsen's flag planted there he wrote 'All the day-dreams must go. . . Great God, this is an awful place! . . Now for the run home and a desperate struggle.' By contrast Sir Edmund writes: 'It was pleasant to be greeted by friendly faces and welcoming voices and to feel we could relax again.')

Sir Edmund then threw his bombshell. He recommended that Fuchs should abandon his work for that year and be flown out by the Americans as soon as he reached the Pole. His wording was hardly tactful. 'Personally I feel the need for a break from the plateau after nearly four months of tractor travel, and there's a lot to do. I prefer not to wait at the Pole station but will get evacuated to Scott base as soon as possible.' Fuchs replied with curt dignity that he was going on, that Hillary could be flown out and that the expedition would continue without the aid of the support party's local knowledge of the route's final stages. This might mean spending a second winter; Fuchs was prepared to put up with this to complete his research, while Hillary apparently was not. The deadlock was resolved by capitulation on Hillary's side, and the enormous task that Fuchs had set himself was finally accomplished as originally planned. But inevitably the impression widely left by Hillary's stunt was one of a race to the South Pole, the famous Sir Edmund Hillary winning hands down and Fuchs left looking foolish.

The whole of this delicate subject is handled with well-bred good manners by the two men in their joint work, *The Crossing of Antarctica*, and it is to be hoped that their magnificent achievement rather than the momentary *succès de scandale*, will be remembered in the public mind. But it is, perhaps, measure of how transient an interest this generation accords to feats of exploration that it has been though desirable to publish no fewer than three books about this expedition in the same year as its completion, at a stage when Sir Vivian Fuchs must preface his book with the words: 'In the short time at my disposal for writing this book

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it has been difficult readily to find all the relative material'. I do not think it can be claimed that either Sir Vivian or Sir Edmund wanted to write while impressions were fresh, for in this conscientious record any impressions – other than those left by photographs of almost mesmeric beauty (31 in colour and 63 monochrome) – are at a premium. When one reads of the hosts of applicants for inclusion in the expedition, and of their rejection for lack of qualification, one wonders mildly why no official chronicler is ever thought worthy of a place in caravans whose deeds will, after all, outlive their moment mainly by written record. Cherry Garrard had Bernard Shaw to help him in recording Scott's last journey; GBS might have grabbed Sir Vivian's pen as it scraped 'weighing about 220 pounds he was the heaviest member of our party and bore with unruffled calm the whole responsibility for the maintenance of our aircraft in very difficult circumstances', or metrified Sir Edmund's Ruthless Rhyme 'The 14th January started with a message from Hut Point that an American Weasel had broken through the ice and that one man had been drowned. This only confirmed our views that certain areas of the bay ice were getting dangerously thin'. Perhaps explorers who want to write their own records should be sent on a course first – nothing really tough, but to include the rescue of a distressed and perilously dangling participle, the simple bridging of a yawning caesura, and, above all, the avoidance of the explorer's bane – verbal wind-crust. ('A man walking on hard wind-crust will leave no footprints'.)

GAVIN MAXWELL

Beyond the Parish Pump

International Literary Annual. Edited by JOHN WAIN. *Calder.* 25s.

Mr W. J. Harvey, in his essay in this collection on the myth of the Angry Young Man, takes Mrs Lessing to task for a remark she made in *Declaration*: 'Above all, current British literature is provincial. . . . I do not mean by provincial that they come from or write about the provinces. I mean that their horizons are bounded by their immediate experience of British life and standards'. 'One's immediate reaction,' says Mr Harvey, 'is to ask what more Mrs Lessing expects.' The comment, on the face of it fair enough, underlines the general truth of Mrs Lessing's charge. Of course she is right to expect more; much of her strength as a novelist comes from the fact that she has had experience of more than one province, so that she never confuses the parish pump with the centre of things. One way in which the writer can journey into other provinces is by reading in other literatures or, at the least, by having some knowledge of what is going on in them. Here, we are surely in a worse case than we were before the war. Then, magazines like the *Criterion* and *New Writing*, in their very different ways and from their very different assumptions, did something to keep us in touch with what was going on outside these islands. Since the war, for a variety of reasons, most of them outside our control, we have all become imprisoned more narrowly than for a hundred years within the confines of our nationalities. The more welcome, then, this compilation of Mr Wain's, the first of what is hoped will be an annual volume, which sets out to survey the current writing of half a dozen countries.

Inevitably, the contributions vary in scope, intention and achievement. The only non-critical piece is a brilliant evocation of a place and a period, New York in the prohibition era, by Miss Rebecca West. There are articles on the novel in

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Germany and on contemporary French and Italian literature; essays on Thomas Mann and Baudelaire; a note, highly relevant to the theme of provincialism, by Professor Kermode on Eliot's *On Poetry and Poets;* quite the best critical examination I have seen of the poetry of Philip Larkin and Thom Gunn, by A. Alvarez; and a long survey of American poetry today by Miss Carolyn Kizer. This should have been probably the most valuable thing in the whole collection, but Miss Kizer attempts too much and produces an over-brightly written and inadequately illustrated catalogue of names. And, if poetry is to be published in the volume at all, eight poems from England, Australia and the United States seem altogether too few.

One would not expect to find a dominant theme running through a collection of this kind. Yet there is one. It is the theme of 'Commitment', which is a shorthand term for the whole complex subject of the imaginative writer's relationship, as writer, with the world of action, the world of power. It is discussed formally in essays by Mr Robert Conquest and Mr K. W. Gransden, with great common sense. But they are discussing it in English terms, in the terms of what Mr Alvarez calls 'the peculiar tension of the Fifties: I mean the accident by which a standard of general domestic comfort and enlightened welfare higher than ever before and a national dullness more stupefying than ever before should coincide with the continual threat of violent, total annihilation'. It is the value of this book that it allows us to see the subject in the light of terms other than English. It seems clear, for example, from the articles on German and Italian literature, by H. M. Waidson and Ugo Varnai respectively, that if a writer has lived under a Fascist dictatorship which has been overthrown he can scarcely escape dramatising in his work his own relationship to the history of his times. The dangers are obvious enough: they are the dangers of direct political commitment, of which the saddest example is the late Theodor Plivier, the author of the trilogy *Stalingrad* (1946), *Moskau* (1952), *Berlin* (1954), on which Mr Waidson comments: 'A work which began under the auspices of Russian patronage ends as a direct attack upon the East German regime under Russian occupation'. But the problem of commitment, even though the word may not be used, is taken up and discussed with the highest seriousness by Gabriel Pearson in his essay 'The Heroism of Thomas Mann'. I found this the most rewarding thing in the book. Mr Pearson's contention is that 'Mann has proved the only creative writer to have been able to treat Fascism on the heroic scale'. Mr Pearson is very persuasive; his essay is important. Mann, he concludes,

> . . . is one of the great encouraging facts in contemporary literature. His work stands for the values of the realistic tradition – the values of community and individuality. And he has demonstrated that in the face of catastrophe these values can still hold. I find this more admirable, in the last analysis, than that other heroic travail in the cork-lined room.

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Masters of Deceit. Communism in America. By EDGAR HOOVER. *Dent.* 25*s.*

The British Communist Party: A Historical Profile. By H. PELLING. *Black.* 18*s.*

Although it is the accident of publishers' time schedules which brings these books together, they deal – at different levels – with various facets of the same question. Professor Cole's masterly survey, Volume IV of his History of Socialist Thought, begins with the break-up of the Second International in 1914, but necessarily pivots on the central fact of the Russian Revolution of 1917. It draws not only on wide reading but on memory and experience, and it provides an indispensable guide to both Socialist and Communist politics in a period of schism. Mr Pelling's workmanlike account of the British Communist Party sticks close to facts, at least to those facts which are available. It does not probe deep, but it is a useful and readable case history of Communist organisation *in partibus infidelium.* It will doubtless be checked and supplemented by people with inside knowledge. Mr Hoover has one kind of inside knowledge, and his brisk manual is written with a different audience in mind. He begins with a few pages entitled 'Who is Your Enemy?' and ends with sections called 'Communism: a False Religion' and 'How to Stay Free'. He claims to have read the writings of Marx, Engels and Lenin as well as to have studied the activities of the Third International. English readers will find his book more useful for the light it throws on anti-Communism rather than on Communism itself. Whereas Mr Pelling directs attention throughout the whole of his book on the weaknesses of the Communist Party in a British setting, Mr Hoover always flatters the American party. After describing its 'complicated structure', he adds that it works 'efficiently, effectively, and all too often to the detriment of this nation'. At one stage he talks of a 'freak' growing into 'a powerful monster endangering us all'. He would be well advised to turn to Professor Cole who, after describing events in the United States, adds: 'What I have written in this chapter is for the most part a chronicle of very small beer. For the plain truth is that at no point after 1914 did Socialism amount in the United States to a movement of any real significance'.

There is a remarkable – indeed, a unique – balance in Professor Cole's volumes which makes them obligatory reading for all serious students of the divided labour movement of modern times. His personal position, often an isolated one, predisposes him to seek to 'understand' and to 'interpret'. He says that he is strongly opposed both to Communist theories of 'democratic centralism' – 'I have never, even for a moment, considered the possibility of becoming a Communist' – and to those versions of Social Democracy which insist on the exclusive use of parliamentary methods where no tradition of parliamentary government in fact exists. He criticises Social Democrats as freely as Communists, but defends both against their common enemies. He admits that he would have found this position difficult to maintain had he been an active instead of an academic politician. In discussing the 'Vienna Union' or the 'Two-and-a-Half International' of 1921 he shows why his position has often been difficult to maintain in the world of practical politics. The lucid statements of the Vienna Union antagonised reformists, but failed to attract revolutionaries. Emotional sympathies proved stronger than powers of analysis. So, too, did the facts of power. In his next volume Professor Cole will turn to the 1930s when under the shadow of Fascism 'every Socialist was confronted with the need to re-think his attitude afresh – even if some of them ended the process by holding almost the same opinions as before'. The need persists in the 1950s, and many passages in these volumes are as pertinent to an understanding of the present as they are to an understanding of the past. The ideas of 'class' and of 'movement', the threat of 'bureaucracy', the problem of 'different roads to Socialism' and, underlying all else, the 'values' of Socialism are all discussed in these pages, which cover something far more comprehensive than a history of 'thought'. There was, indeed, very little new Socialist thinking during the period Professor Cole is describing, but much contemporary thinking must relate to the experiences of the years 1914-1931, as well as to the later 1930s, if it is to penetrate beneath the surface.

Four main points emerge from Professor Cole's volumes, and Mr Pelling on several occasions adds to them. First, the confident expectations of many of the Russian leaders in 1917 that the Russian revolution would be followed by European revolution were dashed. All the absurdities of the history of the Communist Party in Britain, Mr Pelling observes, spring from one fact, that it has been a revolutionary party in a non-revolutionary situation. Second, outside Europe there have been many revolutionary situations since 1914 – on several occasions, inside Europe – and there has thus been and still is a gulf between one sector of Socialist experience and another. Professor Cole tries to bridge the gulf: others, deliberately or through lack of creative imagination, have widened it. Third, rigorous insistence on common formulæ or on central discipline creates as many problems as it solves. Not only freedom suffers but common sense. 'No limit can be set to the follies of which individuals are capable when they start generalising on the foundation of special cases which they mistake for matters of universal principle.' Fourth, questions of morality can never be set on one side with impunity. Professor Cole rightly directs attention to the question of whether *salus Revolutionis* is *suprema lex,* and in his interesting discussion of Lenin (considered alongside both Trotsky and Stalin) he reaches the core of the case for Socialism. Not all his readers will agree with him, but his questions cannot be shelved by translating them into different language. His own language is free of both cant and vituperation, and for this reason alone his volumes are in their own right not only a history of, but a major contribution to, Socialist thought.

ASA BRIGGS

Lost Traveller

A Prison, A Paradise. By LORAN HURNSCOT. *Gollancz. 21s.*

The friends who persuaded 'Loran Hurnscot' to publish these diaries deserve warm thanks. For this reader no personal record has been followed with such absorbed interest since Julien Green's Journals first began to appear twenty years ago. Julien Green began his diary in the hope that it would help him 'to see more clearly into himself', and Loran Hurnscot's purpose was the same. Moreover, she has done what the great novelist wished to do, but could not: 'put my whole life in these pages with absolute frankness and precision'. There is no dichotomy between her 'life' and her 'work'; her life is her work, her subject, her medium, her instrument of discovery.

The book falls into two separate but complementary parts. Except for a few additions and clarifications, scrupulously marked, nothing has been changed but the diarist's name and those of the persons involved. The first, *The Summer Birdcage,* covering a stretch between 1922 and 1930, records an intense, finally destructive experience, the 'death' of one phase of Loran Hurnscot's life; the second, *The Tilted Spiral* (1936-1958), deals with its interpretation and the deeper experiences to which it led. As Kathleen Raine points out in a discerning introduction, admirers of either half may be tempted to wish the other away. In fact, they are so intimately related that to divorce them would be to destroy the significance of the whole.

The Summer Birdcage is the unglossed account of a husband-wife-lover situation, fantastic, but so typical of the romantic intellectuals of the Twenties that it conjures up the whole ambience of that period. Any contemporary dives straight back into that other world of bright young people; the penurious, hard-working idealists of studios and country cottages, of little magazines and hand-presses, desperately throwing off old chains yet forging heavier new ones. However brilliantly presented in a novel, this story of a girl married to a meaner version of *Le Cocu Magnifique* who deliberately provokes an affair between her and a writer twenty years her senior, would lose its naked impact. Ignorant of the outcome as the woman herself, we live, step by step, through the slow degeneration from lyrical passion into sexual compulsion from which the victim, even after attempted suicide and the grey hell of abortion, cannot escape, though she has long known her lover to be liar, coward and erotomaniac. We watch every shift and turn, now pitying, now exasperated; we see (seldom noted in fiction) the sudden flaring-up of almost the first freshness in the midst of the stale squalor, until the half-tragic, half-ludicrous passion peters out into nothing. One thing remains unpolluted, the landscape, which is not a mere background but a living presence, almost a third character. For tree and flower

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JOHN MURRAY

and changing season are as connatural to the writer as to Colette, whose insight into animals she shares.

The Tilted Spiral records experiences more difficult, at times, to share in imagination. But, by now, one is so convinced of the diarist's honesty that one accepts her word without question; she is, besides, ruthlessly self-critical and always on guard against delusion. Briefly, it is a 'work in progress', the unfinished story of someone, repelled, like so many nowadays, by organised religion, seeking the universal truth by all the confusion of paths and methods that present themselves to the lost traveller in the spiritual world. Beginning with Ouspensky (this section is of peculiar interest), she finds light now in Tao, now in Buddhism, now in the Christian mystics. What emerges most clearly through all the conflicts, the running hither and thither, the dabbling in occultism, is that she is not only seeking, but being sought. What impresses most deeply is the fruit of these experiences, particularly her experiences in prayer; the gradual stripping away of illusion till she sees that the girl in *The Summer Birdcage* had a share in the evil of the two men of whom she seemed the innocent victim. The more the light grows, the more she is conscious of her own darkness. She echoes from her own experience, almost in identical words, what St Catherine and St Teresa record of the purging and humbling of the creature confronted with the Uncreated. Orthodox Christians, however much they will challenge some of her statements and assumptions, should read this book with respect and perhaps with shame. It may act as a rebuke to some of us for our spiritual sloth and a reminder that God Who 'seeks and loves courageous souls' seeks them anywhere He chooses.

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Revolution in Cambridge

The Muse Unchained. By E. M. W. TILLYARD. *Bowes & Bowes.* 16*s*.

The sub-title of Dr Tillyard's new book is *An Intimate Account of the Revolution in English Studies at Cambridge,* and it hardly needs a practical critic to show what happens when you bring words like that together. Cambridge English is not only one of the most important intellectual movements in recent times; it is also a movement strewn with feuds, prejudices, misrepresentations, and passions. There has been something of the authentic excitement and bitterness of a political revolution, and to propose an intimate account of all this is obviously to raise expectations.

It had better immediately be made clear that Dr Tillyard's book is not what many readers will expect. It is not quite the revolution that is most commonly known, and the intimacies, consequently, are of a rather different order. Instead of hurrying to the (slightly imperfect) index, and turning up some of the four-star names, it is wise to settle quietly, and with moderate emotions, to a book that might have been called *The Teaching of English in Cambridge, 1878-1935.*

The account actually given is interesting. The development of Cambridge English is usefully traced from Furnivall and Skeat to the point of disentanglement from the Mediaeval and Modern Languages Tripos. The framing of the new Tripos (1917-1919) and the recruitment of its teachers are carefully described, and there is a really important account of the subsequent moulding of the Tripos towards its present form. There are interesting personal accounts of Chadwick, Forbes, Quiller-Couch, Richards and Tillyard himself, and the records of university politics have some general significance. It is delightful to know, for example, that Cambridge got free of a heavy language element in part because the Professor of Anglo-Saxon distrusted the ordinary narrowness of his own subject, and that the Tripos could be mainly organised by very young men because the Professor of English Literature disliked committees. This is what is known, elsewhere, as pure Cambridge luck.

But the question returns, through the interest of all this: why stop at the early Thirties? It cannot be simply a question of decorum: that while you can write of the 'timid oldmaidish little scholar' and the 'large round-faced Scandinavian' who have gone, you cannot write in the same way of their successors. The decorum which did not spare Miss Steele-Smith and Miss Paues is capable of the insinuation that *Scrutiny* was a symptom of the totalitarianism of the Thirties, and the comparable insinuation of this:

> In 1930 Empson published his *Seven Types of Ambiguity*. . . . Anyone quick to distinguish the rotten from the ripe and to sniff the taint of incipient corruption might have guessed . . . that henceforward a decline or a coarsening must be expected.

The merits of Empson or *Scrutiny* are certainly open to argument, but in this book they are neither examined nor excluded; merely exposed to this kind of hint.

The Cambridge revolution that has mattered began with Richards, whose work Dr Tillyard praises, and was continued in one direction – technical analysis – by Empson; in another direction – close reading and moral analysis – by Leavis and *Scrutiny.* A third direction – the closer integration of literature with thought and society – is represented in one way by Willey, in another way by Leavis again. It is right to trace these directions to the intelligence and devotion of the early planning, but the work of mature public value falls largely in the period that Dr Tillyard prefers not to discuss. This work has deeply affected English teaching everywhere, but not, we can now see, as an infertile dogmatism. The present generation of younger critics certainly accepts the creative importance of this work, but equally, and with open respect, is slowly and deeply revising its procedures and conclusions. The revolution, in fact, did not eat or corrupt its children; it created the conditions for a vigorous, independent and varied growth. Our respect for the work that Dr Tillyard records, and for his own devoted part in it, need not be modified by the lapses into which irritation has betrayed him. We have got past the bitterness to an open tradition, and we do not intend to get dragged back, in any partisan interest, to the feuds and prejudices that were perhaps inseparable from the early making of a great school.

RAYMOND WILLIAMS

The Great Asian Game

A Person from England. By FITZROY MACLEAN. *Cape.* 21*s*.

No part of the inhabited world has guarded its secrets so persistently as Central Asia. The vast land-mass stretching between the Himalaya and the Arctic Ocean, and between the Urals and the Great Wall of China, has been the scene of sweeping conquests and migrations, momentous historical events that have had a decisive original influence upon the developments of Western civilisation. For centuries it has been the object of intense curiosity and the goal of explorers from many nations, who have devoted, in many cases sacrificed, their lives to penetrate its political and natural barriers. Yet still, for Western people, Central Asia remains for the most part a region of mystery; much of its geography we know only in vague outline; for information about events now shaping the destiny of its people we still rely largely upon rumour and unconfirmed report. From time to time a corner of the veil has been lifted, revealing a momentary glimpse of some small section, but always, as the political scene has shifted, it has fallen back once more to obscure the view.

Central Asia attracted its full quota of those adventurous spirits who abounded in the nineteenth century, and whose apparent indifference to prolonged spells of hardship, loneliness and danger contrasted strangely with the background of security and prosperity from which many of them came. Here they found ample and varied scope for their highly individual enterprise and their zest for exotic experience. It is surprising that, with few exceptions, their exploits, even their names, have been so largely forgotten by posterity. One reason may perhaps be found in the fact that so much of their labour was necessarily haphazard and inconclusive. Men such as Livingstone and Park were closely followed by others who continued and kept alive their work, which led within a few decades to the complete illumination of the Dark Continent. Polar exploration, at least during the last 150 years, has continued without interruption, so that the discoveries of successive expeditions have been closely linked with each other. But in the exploration of Central Asia there has been no such continuity; journeys of pure exploration have, on the whole, been isolated, separated by long intervals of time, and rarely followed, as elsewhere, by detailed scientific investigation. As a result no cohesive pattern has emerged to provide a background for the details. Moreover, although in some regions conditions have remained virtually unaltered during the last thousand years, others have suffered such swift and sweeping change that nothing of the old order remains; and of this change the West is largely ignorant.

Throughout much of the nineteenth century, and for a little while after, attention was largely focused upon Turkestan where the relentless advance of Russian imperialism seemed to threaten the security of the British position in India. During this period most of the exploits of Western travellers in the area were connected, directly or remotely, with the British attempts to stem this advance by clandestine diplomacy. The strange encounter between the representatives of the two great powers in a land cruelly hostile to visitors from either side was known to contemporaries as The Great Game. It was conducted by the lonely players with astonishing initiative and daring; its complex nature and the remoteness of control precluded reference to any set of rules. The stories which emerged from the individual episodes assumed a legendary quality associated with the fabulous cities of Samarkand, Bokhara and Merv, their setting. In his latest book Sir Fitzroy Maclean has brought some of these 'legends' to life. His personal acquaintance with Western Turkestan has enabled him to reconstruct them vividly and with understanding. For the less credulous reader it is well that we have so distinguished an authority to vouch for the truth of the story of, for example, the amazing Dr Joseph Wolff, D.D. The book is illustrated by some delightful engravings and by portraits of the people concerned.

ERIC SHIPTON

Beryl Grey in Russia

Red Curtain Up. By BERYL GREY. *Secker & Warburg.* 30*s*.

There is no doubt that the standard of ballet production in the Soviet Union is higher than in Britain, although in matters of taste we are much more advanced. But the Russians have been working at it longer – somewhere around 200 years. This does not necessarily account for their superiority, since the equally established French national ballet has failed to strengthen its best traditions, or withstand its worst sufficiently to bring it near the Russian level. In England and France the cumbersome machinery for creating a major ballet is never honoured with the same sense of dedication, which every member of the Russian company and staff seems to feel. This kind of service makes for a co-ordination and power in the finished work which is overwhelming. Because of our more dilatory natures the vision and the techniques are never completely fused, never absolutely under control, and this, one way or another, makes for a dispersed feeling in the final result.

Beryl Grey, a ballerina bred by our own Royal Ballet Company, was invited to the Soviet Union for a three weeks tour, where she danced in *Swan Lake* and *Giselle*. She has written a short book on this subject; but its value lies in the clear, unaffected sketch of what is the most elaborate ballet system in the world. The Bolshoi Theatre organisation in Moscow employs about 2,800 people and covers such details as special women to wash ballerinas' backs in the showers, women to take them to and from the showers, radios in all dressing rooms, a canteen that will supply sick dancers in their hotels with special food, and many other luxuries unheard of at Covent Garden or Sadler's Wells.

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BELL

In spite of the earnestness with which the work is approached, Miss Grey felt much less restrained on all the Russian stages, and therefore much better able to express herself. She puts lack of self-consciousness 'high among the special characteristics of Russian dancers', adding that dancing is an integral part of Russian life, whereas in Britain a dancer is usually regarded as a person apart. There is, in fact, great prestige and security attached to Soviet dancers, and parents are not thought in the least unconventional if they encourage a son in a ballet career.

The seriousness of the artist's approach is perfectly illustrated when Miss Grey became ill the day before her opening night at the Bolshoi. She describes the agony of her last rehearsal:

> I was very ill the next morning, but I insisted on going to the theatre. I kept on telling myself that once I was on the stage dancing I would feel better. I crawled rather than walked across the Sverdlov Square . . . I do not know how my dancing appeared, but at the end of the act I felt terribly sick again. My hands and face seemed to be vibrating, and I also felt curiously numb.

A doctor and nurse permanently attached to the theatre came; it was plain that she could not perform, but naturally she was extremely worried. 'I had been brought up in the tradition of "the show must go on".' But in the Soviet Union the attitude is different. First Ulanova, then other dancers and directors assured her that there was no question of her dancing unless a hundred per cent fit.

> This was not just out of sympathy for me. I think their feeling stemmed from their idea that the performance must be staged in conditions as near perfection as possible. . . . The show was the thing; perfection was the ideal; and everything else, audience included, was subordinated.

A good deal of the tour is simple and dull for the reader: waiting for aeroplanes, or walking in strange cities, are well covered but never satisfactorily described. But as soon as Miss Grey writes of dancing her book comes alive. The photographs, taken by her husband on the spot, have more atmosphere than those of the more polished type of photographer.

ANNABEL FARJEON

Up to a Point, Lord Copper

Evelyn Waugh: Portrait of an Artist. By FREDERICK J. STOPP. *Chapman & Hall.* 21*s.*

Roman Holiday: The Catholic Novels of Evelyn Waugh. By A. A. DEVITIS. *Vision.* 18*s.*

I opened both these books with misgivings. Critical monographs on living authors rather resemble big-game expeditions: they are sometimes fatal for either the hunter or his prey. No critic likes to be mauled, least of all by a literary lion; and almost equally sad is the fate of an author captured and caged before his time. Mr Waugh, moreover, is particularly elusive. For those who admire his early comedies, serious criticism of his later work is liable to be embarrassing – either Catholic overpraise of *Brideshead Revisited* and *Helena*, or melancholy lay inquiry into the weaknesses of these and their successors. The critic's only remaining alternatives are a somewhat clinical analysis of his comic genius or a pointless nostalgic ramble round Oxford, Mayfair, Llanabba Castle, Azania, Ishmaelia, and Whispering Glades.

To get the butchery over with, let me say at once that Dr DeVitis's oddly-named volume suffers from most of these drawbacks. He takes 83 pages to reach the lame conclusion that 'Waugh is not completely at home in the confines of the traditionally serious novel'. In the course of them, freely quoting Professor William York Tindall's potted history of *Forces in Modern British Literature,* he treats us to an arrogant fifth-former's view of Mr Waugh and his contemporaries, and commits himself to more misguided and unsubstantiated judgments than most reviewers make in a lifetime. His glib little literary popgun inflicts no serious damage: but one can imagine his victim muttering 'God protect me from my friends'.

Mr Stopp, on the other hand, is far more reflective and very well worth reading. In the first place, his book contains much solid information. Without intrusive impertinence, it sheds a certain light on Mr Waugh's schooldays at Lancing, on some of the literary influences that shaped his style, and on such revealing episodes as the abandoned project for a film of *Brideshead Revisited.* It speculates, intriguingly, on the shape that *Work Suspended* might have taken – with John Plant, the detective novelist, planning the 'perfect murder' of Atwater, the prototype of Apthorpe in *Men at Arms,* whom Guy Crouchback does in fact bring to his death. Stressing, moreover, the endemic collision between sanity and an insane world, Mr Stopp reveals many such parallels between the different novels and their characters, especially the *femmes fatales.* He delves into the travel-books for such further cross-references as that between *Waugh in Abyssinia* and its by-product, or end-product, *Scoop.* In his Appendices, alongside a bibliography, he includes a glossary of fictional characters and places, similar to those which earnest persons have compiled for Proust.

All this may suggest that he is solemn; and I must confess that I winced a little when he seemed to train a critical elephant-gun on *Decline and Fall.* This he discusses almost in the terms of a morality, remarking for instance that Margot Beste-Chetwynde, later Lady Metroland, 'appears as sinless'. Such terminology may be relevant in discussing an author who was later to become a Catholic; but its frequent repetition, and the occasional invocation of Graham Greene, G. K. Chesterton, Father d'Arcy, and Mgr Knox, strike a non-Catholic ear with the faint ring of seminary cosiness. I had expected this to lead to exaggerated praise of Mr Waugh's specifically Catholic novels: to Mr Stopp's credit, however, his literary judgment remains untainted by his religious allegiance. He treats *Helena* respectfully, but coolly; and after a searching appraisal of *Brideshead Revisited,* he gently suggests that its narrator's sentimentality may be greater than its author realised. On the other hand, the very diffidence of Mr Stopp's verdict hints at a certain ambivalence, a failure perhaps to step back from his involvement with a writer he greatly admires. He appears to take at its face value, for instance, Mr Waugh's insistence that he is merely a literary craftsman whose opinion on matters outside the technicalities of writing are irrelevant to a discussion of his work. And while he rightly acclaims Mr Waugh's crisp mastery of language, he seems to feel no hesitations about his equally crisp but more debatable strictures on 'the modern world', 'the Welfare State', and other assorted Aunt Sallies.

My final impression, then, remains mixed. Scattered throughout the book are the elements of a shrewd evaluation. 'Mr Waugh pays, in covert fashion, Danegeld to his childhood enthusiasms. . . . Burlesque is a good alibi for the romantic in an age of dominant realism.' This is only one of Mr Stopp's several flashes of insight. But his book as a whole seems finally inconclusive when set against, say, Mr Edmund Wilson's *New Yorker* essay, 'Never Apologize, Never Explain'. 'The savagery he is afraid of is somehow the same thing as the audacity which so delights him': for Mr Wilson, the power of the early comedies derives from the ambivalence that still makes Mr Waugh so unpredictable and unique. One may regret the passing of Paul Pennyfeather, or the creed and politics of Gilbert Pinfold. but one can hardly blame Mr Waugh for the tensions – and the honesty – that are the mainspring of everything he writes. Small wonder that his admirers, like his opponents, have not caged him yet.

Richard Mayne

Family Papers

Nelson's Letters to his Wife. Edited by G. P. B. Naish. *Routledge*. 42*s*.

. . . And Mr Fortescue. By Osbert Wyndham Hewett. *Murray*. 21*s*.

Cecilia. Edited by Viscountess Ridley. *Hart-Davis*. 25*s*.

Charlecote and the Lucys. By Alice Fairfax-Lucy. *Oxford*. 30*s*.

A Second Jacobean Journal. By G. B. Harrison. *Routledge*. 30*s*.

The bicentenary of Nelson's birth this year is commemorated by a monumental volume of over 600 pages, edited by the Assistant Keeper of the National Maritime Museum at Greenwich and published by the Navy Records Society. This contains 251 letters from Nelson to his wife, 74 from her to him and some additional Nelsoniana of considerable interest. Many of the documents have been already used, quoted and garbled by a host of eager biographers, but have never before been collated and printed in full. Mr Naish is to be congratulated on carrying out his arduous work of scholarship with such scrupulous respect for the text. Many of the details in the matrimonial correspondence are bound to seem trivial; but if posterity hopes to fathom Lady Nelson's character and to assess her relationship with her husband no tittle of evidence should be overlooked. For instance, how do they address each other? Nelson oscillates at random between 'My dear Fanny' and 'My dearest Fanny,' occasionally using the superlative – as husbands and wives are wont to do – to compensate for something disagreeable to follow. Lady Nelson sticks rigorously to 'My dearest husband' until December, 1799, when she ominously substitutes 'My dear husband' as the first whiff of Emma must have reached her by a side-wind.

In the competition between Lady Nelson and Lady Hamilton it is too much to ask Mr Naish to be impartial in his editorship: he plumps staunchly for the wife and respectability. But the more Fanny reveals herself in her vapid letters the less companionable she appears. She was utterly unsuited to be a help-mate to such a flamboyant hero: she could never fall into raptures over his prowess. Where Lady Hamilton tendered him hot love, she proffered her cold duty – and she was not very effective in that: she never even managed to pack his luggage properly! And why did she never have a child by him? Nobody has ever unravelled the secrets of that alcove.

Under the rather whimsical title . . . *And Mr Fortescue*, Mr Hewett publishes extracts from the diaries of Chichester Fortescue for the years 1851-1862: these MSS from Sutton Court are packed

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European Volunteer Workers in Britain

J. A. TANNAHILL describes the difficulties met with after the war in bringing displaced persons to Britain to help them and to ease the labour shortage in this country. A sample survey shows what has since happened to the immigrants. *Published*. 18*s. net*.

The Birth of a Plural Society

L. H. GANN. The history of the development of Northern Rhodesia under the British South Africa Company, 1894-1914. 'One would wish this book to be widely read.'—*Manchester Guardian. Published*. 25*s. net*.

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E. COLSON. *Illustrated. December*. 42*s. net*.

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W. WATSON. The African peoples of Northern Rhodesia are now fully involved in a money economy. The author examines the effect of this on the Mambwe, a cattle-keeping people. *January*. 30*s. net*.

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The new issue of the Annual is exceptional in that it includes contributions from a number of dancers, choreographers and directors of ballet companies including Mme. Rambert, Frederick Ashton, Anton Dolin, Peggy van Praagh and Celia Franca. Eminent critics review the year's ballet activity, and there are over 90 illustrations by leading ballet photographers. 25*s net*

ADAM & CHARLES BLACK

with social and political interest for the mid-Victorian period. Fortescue, supposed to be the original of Trollope's Phineas Finn, was a minor Liberal politician from Ireland who circulated in the best London society; and his diaries take over where Greville's, from increasing deafness and misanthropy, begin to taper off. In a brief review one cannot do justice to the variety and richness of Fortescue's observations of the fashionable world a hundred years ago. All the persons concerned are now dead, so no scandals, and there are plenty, need be suppressed. One example of his jottings must suffice. In 1852 Lady Cowper describes how Prince Albert gradually asserted his sway over Queen Victoria. 'He judiciously gave way at first, never finished a game of chess with her for the first three years'. Mr Hewett supports the curt text of the diaries with excellent passages of explanation and copious notes. But he is a fidgety editor, with more of an eye to the popular gallery than a nose to the grindstone of scholarship. The date of Fortescue's birth is not even mentioned: it was 1823, in fact. And beyond saying that the entries relating to Lady Waldegrave, whom Fortescue eventually married as her fourth husband, have been curtailed, the editor never indicates how much the original MSS have been abbreviated nor where the omissions occur. For his sympathetic biography of Lady Waldegrave, *Strawberry Fair*, Mr Hewett has already plundered the documents at Sutton Court to good effect, but it is to be hoped that any further rare finds there will be awarded more respectful treatment on their way into print.

Cecilia claims to be no more than a bashful family tribute to an ancestress. an unpretentious little biography put together from the surviving letters and diaries of Cecilia Ridley, 'in no way a remarkable or exceptional person', who was born in 1819, a daughter of James Parke, the judge, married Sir Matthew Ridley at the age of 21, and died in 1845, after five years of child-bearing and household management in the frozen North of Northumberland. He had married her for her beauty and vivacity; she could be said to have married for his estate and because of her mother's urging it; but she was one of those delightful girls who seem ready to marry the first eligible proposition out of sheer eagerness for love and life. Her style, however, deteriorates sadly after marriage: Sir Matthew's sombre nature soon took the gloss off her gay, girlish prose. Lady Ridley, who still lives in Cecilia's house, edits her great-grandmother-in-law's manuscripts with the necessary notes and explanations and the utmost modesty. No professional archivist would have served the purpose half so well.

Charlecote, the pink-brick Tudor mansion near Stratford-on-Avon which for four hundred years housed the Lucy family, has lately become the property of the National Trust. Prospective visitors ought in their own interest to read *Charlecote and the Lucys* from cover to cover. From the family archives Mrs Fairfax-Lucy has compiled an extremely learned and well-written chronicle of the house and its occupants over 700 years. Nothing is missing from the record of this undistinguished county family – except the one item of interest for the average reader. No documentary evidence has come to light to prove that Shakespeare ever appeared before Sir Thomas Lucy for poaching deer. We must make do with local tradition, Mr Justice Shallow and 'the dozen white luces' on his coat-of-arms.

Dr Harrison's first *Jacobean Journal*, covering the years 1603-6, appeared eighteen years ago. His *Second Jacobean Journal*, 1607-10, continues his ingenious device for making history vivid by the dead-pan recording of events day by day through the mouths of eye-witnesses. The period now covered contains nothing so dramatic as the Gunpowder Plot. But the restless King with his theological controversies, his squabbles with Parliament and his Scots favourites, pirates, duels, murders, scandals, wrecks and the plague easily and delightfully fill out 237 closely printed pages.

RALPH PARTRIDGE

New Novels

The Underground City. By H. L. HUMES. *Heinemann. 20s.*

Second Thoughts. By MICHEL BUTOR. Translated by JEAN STEWART. *Faber. 18s.*

The Cautious Heart. By WILLIAM SANSOM. *Hogarth Press. 13s. 6d.*

Anecdotes of Destiny. By ISAK DINESEN. *Michael Joseph. 13s. 6d.*

To publish a first novel that costs twenty shillings, weighs about three pounds, and runs to 754 pages of 47 lines each is an act of great faith. With *The Underground City* this faith has been misplaced. The novel could have been cut by three-quarters. Like the good journalist he must be, Mr Humes wants to give all the news that's fit to print. We get, among other things, detailed reports of two press conferences; all 3,000 words of a retiring ambassador's farewell speech; and, at ~~about~~ page 700, when we begin to feel that relief is near, we are taken, for no reason at all, on a 25,000-word tour of the Paris sewers. Yet Mr Humes's instinct is correct. The other writers this week get their effects by artistic pretentiousness of one sort and another. Mr Humes gets his solely by verbosity. It is impossible to dismiss *The Underground City*. Even at the end we feel, with a certain bewilderment, that a novel this long must have had something important to say. Mr Humes has very nearly obscured the fact that he has written an undistinguished political novel, frantically contrived and, in parts, obvious.

John Stone is an American who, during the war, supplied arms to a Communist Resistance group in the South of France. Captured, he is handed over to the SS by Dujardin, head of the local French militia. He escapes. At the end of the war Dujardin is arrested, in due course tried and, largely through Stone's evidence, sentenced to death. The Communists, to stir up anti-American feeling, claim that Dujardin was not a collaborator. The Americans, for their part, begin investigating Stone because of his wartime association with the Communists. The complications are worked out without great subtlety. After a certain amount of cloak-and-dagger, justice is more or less done. Mr Humes writes with earnestness and knowledge. He has undoubted dramatic gifts – the wartime scenes are impressive – but he would have done better to spare us his interminable philosophical and political musings.

The story of *Second Thoughts* is simple enough. The Paris representative of an Italian typewriter firm, who travels frequently to Rome, becomes involved with a French girl there. He decides to bring her to Paris. During the rail journey to Rome he changes his mind because he realises that it is not the girl he loves, but Rome: the city stands in his mind for freedom from a boring family life and the degradation of office routine. He will continue to keep his mistress in Rome, and will return to his family in Paris. In his closing pages M. Butor, in a rather blustering manner, insists that this decision is of great importance. To me his story seems utterly trifling. Using every resource to complicate and aggrandise a simple narrative, he has only made it thin, blanched and artificial. He confines his story to the twenty-four hours of the journey from Paris to Rome. The inevitable flashbacks are disjointed and often difficult to follow. The rail journey, as the blurb says, has been 'evoked with almost hallucinatory realism'. This is an irrelevant achievement; it would have been of value only if none of us had ever taken a rail journey. There are other, minor aspects of M. Butor's technical exhibitionism. He has written his story in the second person. He often writes sentences of Proustian length and he has had the idea of breaking one sentence into many paragraphs. This gives the page an experimental look. It must have sorely tried the translator. She, however, has responded well, and nowhere shows any signs of strain.

The Cautious Heart begins as a comedy and ends, tritely, as a 'serious' book. A night-club pianist falls in love with a woman who has a maternal attachment to a middle-aged sponger. The novel deals with the pianist's efforts to shake off the sponger. The comedy in the early pages is delicious; it makes what follows doubly disappointing. Mr Sansom has made a little idea go a long way; in this, and in the easy, empty professional manner, his novel reminds me of 'the happiest book of the year', H. E. Bates's *The Darling Buds of May*. Mr Sansom's descriptions are almost too good: his novel is set in London but one never gets the feel of the big city; there is only a succession of brightly painted, isolated

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backcloths which emphasise the contrived nature of his narrative. The style is still that of Sansom Agonistes: it is epigrammatic, alliterative, lush, and at times the word-play is overpowering. (Only one word is used uncertainly: a ukase is an order, not simply a statement.)

Anecdotes of Destiny is the pompous title of a collection of appallingly written fairy stories. In their mock-simple way they are verbose, over-idiomatic, clumsy, sometimes incomprehensible and frequently ungrammatical. Only one anecdote, *The Immortal Story*, reminds us that this book is by the author of *Seven Gothic Tales* and *Out of Africa.* Elsewhere Isak Dinesen seems to have set out, like a surrealist's apprentice, on a course of wilful mystification.

V. S. NAIPAUL

Economics Round-Up

THE torrent of books on economics continues to get worse even in this country. We have not yet reached the advanced state of the US, where productivity of a teacher is measured by the poundage of his books, and productivity is enforced by the urges and compulsions of free competition acting in both College Presidents and Professors. But, as in other matters, we are advancing, and both the poundage and the choice of the topic, and of the line of approach, suggest the working of the free market for economic books and articles.

Professor Gardlund's *Life of Knut Wicksell* (Almqvist and Wiksell, Stockholm, 30*s.*) is a vivid reminder that there were times when the lure of the *Fortune Magazine* and bank reviews did not play upon economic science. But otherwise only a characteristically autobiographical essay on *Policy Against Inflation* by Mr Roy Harrod (Macmillan, 24*s.*) takes us back to the post-Keynesian controversies. No doubt Mr Harrod has now conveniently forgotten all he once said about the need for cutting investment, the ease of readjusting sterling debts and the like. But at least he knows how to ask the right questions. Otherwise there is a steady retrogression towards a mixture of monetary mystification and Americano-Teutonic detailed investigations of specific problems without due attention to the background. Mr B. C. Roberts's attempt to discredit wages policy (*National Wages Policy in War and Peace,* Allen and Unwin, 15*s.*) by heaping irrelevant evidence on irrelevant argument, would not be interesting if it were not giving support to suicidal tendencies in our Trade Unions. It is a good match to Mr Kelf-Cohen's *Nationalisation in Britain* (Macmillan, 25*s.*) whose sub-title 'The End of a Dogma' gives the game away.

A batch of books – *Productivity and Economic Incentives* (Allen and Unwin, 35*s.*) by a Birmingham group under Professor P. Sargent Florence; *The Effects of Mergers* by a Cambridge group (Allen & Unwin, 42*s.*); *Investment in Innovation* by Professors Charter and Williams (Oxford, 15*s.*), represent 'case' studies, as does the second volume of the symposium sponsored by the National Institute of Economic and Social Research under the editorship of Mr Duncan Burn on *The Structure of British Industry* (Cambridge, 50*s.*). Within the scope of their limited ambition they achieve a valuable clarification of issues and assemble new material. Mr J. Downie's essay on 'The Competitive Process' is in the best tradition of scientific argument, trying to test a theoretical model by empirical evidence. Mr Robin Marris attempts to make such ventures possible for the second and third year student in his *Economic Arithmetic* (Macmillan, 28*s.*). It is to be hoped that in the next edition he will find time to revise his welfare economics to accord better with more recent literature.

T. B.

Week-end Competition

No. 1,497 **Set by B. Mount**

The usual prizes are offered for a sonnet which includes the line 'I don't know what I'll do when I retire'. Entries by 11 November.

Result of No. 1,494 **Set by Buzfuz**

Competitors are asked to supply an extract from a sermon to be preached on a Witches' Sabbath. Limit 150 words.

Report

Most sermons were in fact admonitions, aimed at getting witchcraft up to date and with a prevalent warning note of 'Anything we can do, Man can do better'. The parodying of the conventional address from the pulpit was generally effective, especially in such happy touches as J. Craig's 'My text is the 13th spell in the 13th chapter of Abracadabra – Go no moron and sin'. I also enjoyed Martin Jordan's 'And lastly may you treasure in the inmost recesses of your large intestine the eight Platitudes . . . . Blessed are the pure in heart: for they shall shelve the Wolfenden Report. Blessed are the peacemakers: for they shall never commit Appeasement', and D. A. J. S.'s 'Some people imagine that Satanism is an easy creed to practise: that it's just a matter of going to Coven regularly and doing the occasional Bad Work, like visiting the sick with a curse or feeding the hungry with a spoonful of hell-broth . . . .'

An unusually large short list included Vera Telfer, Ernest Millard, Leslie Johnson, D. A. J. S., P. M., Guy Hadley, J. A. Lindon, Annie Allen, Ethel Talbot Scheffauer, Hazel Archard and D. M. Pulsford. It is perhaps appropriate that the prizewinning list should be preponderantly feminine. Two guineas each to Gloria Prince and D. L. L. Clarke; one to Nancy Gunter and Rhoda Tuck Pook.

And Lucifer said to her, Witch, why wearest thou this New Look? And she answered Him, Lord of Darkness, it is the Sack.

O naked and unabashed, what modesty was there! Rich found soul, what Anti-Belial could have possessed her? Had she then no salve-of-murdered-babe with which to anoint her charms? Yea, verily, Lord, she replied, but sacks are in vogue. Hast thou no hair-rings for thy fingers and toes that thou must paint and varnish thy nails so modestly crimson? inquired the Lord. Hast thou no broomstick, no distaff, no rake, that thou must unshame us by arriving on a Lambretta? And Lucifer was wroth, and cast her out, and she went *straight to Heaven!*

Shudder, O shameful ones! Eschew the Virtue of Modesty! Off with your sacks, witches! Down with those drainpipes, warlocks! Display your publics with the pride of Lucifer Himself!

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. . . Year after year you congregate in traditional costume, on conventional transport, observe the same old ritual, and there you sit, comfortably conformist, complacent, exhausted, not worked up but worked out, trying to work your passage to hell by clinging to your broomsticks. Worked out, did I say? Why, you've worked out nothing new in years. You're letting man work out his own damnation. As for spells, *he's* spelling out his future no-future, unaided. It appals one to think that if we must be robbed of men to plague, we should stand by idle while he composes his own—and our—destruction. He's cornering our moon, poisoning our atmosphere. I tell you, sisters, it scares the dying moonlight out of me. This is defeatism—we must save men for fright another night, by *our* exertions and *our* own execrations.

And now let us imprecate. In canticle number 1, Walpurgis, Walpurgis, envenom with spite. . . .

D. L. L. Clarke

Standing here on this mouldering coffin I turn my evil eye widdershins round this romantically ruined chapel where our coven has assembled, and admire the fruits of sin brought hither by your efficient shuttle-broomstick service for our Beltane Festival. For all this artfully stolen henbane, bats' blood, deadly nightshade and infants' cauls we should indeed be grateful—yet let us beware, for gratitude is a deadly virtue which we must endeavour to leaven with sinful pride in our own achievements and in those of our familiars, whom, by the way, we must choose with care lest we fall into righteousness and, entertaining angels unawares, consort with cherubim and seraphim instead of incubii and succubii, thus forfeiting forever our chance of Hell-fire. Beware, you have much at stake. And now I would remind you that our annual Sale of Souls will take place at Hallowmass on the Blasted Heath by sinful permission of the Misses Weird.

Nancy Gunter

. . . Finally, sisters, while standing foursquare by the inspiration of ancient doctrine and practice, let us utilise every modern technique in the crusade against materialism. Some have already abjured transportation by besom in favour of the vacuum cleaner, others brew from nuclear rather than anatomical ingredients or replace traditional familiars by inhibitions, complexes or fixations—all, as we know from observation of potential converts, extremely serviceable. Scientists, originally hostile, are turning towards The Dark. Borrow their weapons: geiger counters reveal greater horrors than the most obscene medievalisms; an X-ray, properly employed, may be as evil as any natural eye.

The Reunion Gallimaufry of the Lambeth Walpurgis revealed, alas, that our corporate witness is sadly frustrated by unhappy schisms. Unite, Hecatists, hags, Lamians, beldames and Endorists! Contribute to the stench of one happy, efficient coven, a cell of that organism from which the better, blacker future shall emerge.

Rhoda Tuck Pook

City Lights

Let the Credit Go

The abolition of HP restrictions was given a phlegmatic welcome in the City, which has seen them abolished before. People are getting used to the government's way of following events at a respectful distance and tend to assume that if the stable door is opened the horse must be too ill to move. Either the unemployment outlook must be even worse than the government has admitted, they argue, or the ending of HP restrictions is expected to do little beyond spiking Mr Gaitskell's guns. Only cars, TV sets and domestic appliances will be affected to any extent; cars are the only one of the three that matters and the purchase of new cars by persons (as opposed to expense accounts) is bound to be limited by the time of year and the sheer cost of hire-purchasing anything at all expensive for any length of time. This line of argument may well turn out to be over-pessimistic. Manufacturers and retailers have both welcomed the news and expect easier credit to be useful in countering the expected decline in their sales. Higher expenditure on cars may be a poor way of stimulating consumption when the roads are dangerously overcrowded, and a poor way of encouraging investment when the country is becoming dangerously dependent on the antics of this single industry, but the motor people are unlikely to agree.

It will be interesting, at any rate, to follow the evolution of a free market in credit now that each of the leading finance houses is mated to a joint stock bank. Grandma went out of her way recently to stress that HP is now established and respectable and that the action of the banks had been in the public interest. The immediate point is not so much how the banks are to combine their business in loans with their business in hire-purchase but how the end of the squeeze is to affect those many finance houses, nearly all of them small, which Grandma has not yet been able to bring inside the family. The closing of the black market in credit deprives them of what has probably been their main competitive advantage. It may now force them to compete hotly with their stuffier rivals on minimum deposits and maximum repayment periods.

Grandma, on this same occasion, made it clear that she didn't think all her HP troubles were over, and that she would like to see a more comprehensive organisation set up inside the industry. Such an organisation would certainly be able to draw up the regulations and provide the statistics which Grandma is after, but it might succeed in doing very little else (there are, after all, two organisations already in existence, from one of which the small houses are excluded and the other of which most of them see no point in joining). There are two problems to be solved. The first, which will probably be left to the Radcliffe Committee, is to bring institutions like building societies and finance houses which accept deposits from the public within the range of monetary policy: they were largely exempt from the recent squeeze. The second problem is to make sure that institutions which accept deposits from the public are fit to be trusted with them. Neither problem can effectively be solved by an internal organisation, unless it is both a closed shop and willing to impose on its members rules which would otherwise be embodied in legislation.

* * *

Credit is luxuriating in strange shapes. A number of ingenious Tory minds have been toying for some time with ideas for combining appeal to the middle-class voter with profit to the City: the classic case at present, of course, is Lord Monckton's notion of personal loans at twice the price of overdrafts. There is obviously a good deal of self-interested support in the City for the idea of encouraging that odd creature, the small investor, and Sir Edmund Wilshaw, of Cable & Wireless, has come out openly in favour of encouraging instalment sales of securities. Lord Monckton and the Central Office, however, seem to have run up against difficulties and the scheme has hung fire. The answer to their prayer has now come, somewhat embarrassingly, from Franco-British Trust, an enterprising organisation (though a good deal smaller than its name might suggest) whose initiative and imagination have been employed until now on unorthodox takeover bids and unusual services to the market. The FB plan is that you simply pick your stock, pay 10 per cent. down, and repay the balance over nine months; it is just the sort of personal loan for buying shares on the security of shares against which the banks officially set their face. And the charge? With Bank Rate at its present level, an effective 13 per cent. on top of the high cost of transfer stamp and brokerage. It is plain that not only can Franco-British give Lord Monckton points when it comes to charging, but that they are not out to encourage the small investor. Charges of this order, like those charged for option dealing, are tolerable only to the speculator in search of a quick and hefty capital profit.

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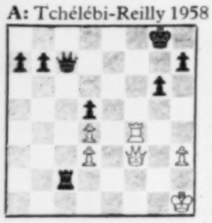
The Chess Board

No. 468. Aladdin's Lamp in Munich

More precisely, Botvinnik's, duly placed at his board when he expressed dissatisfaction with the lighting arrangements; ever since, the world champion's board could be easily spotted among a hundred others, undistinguished by individual table lamps. The champion's looked like a big bright yellow mushroom, and when it came to be Alexander's turn to sit down under its glaring light he wished that it might, after all, be rubbable like Aladdin's and perhaps conjure up a pawn or two. Alas, it didn't, not for our man at any rate, but on the whole our team can be well satisfied with having fought its way into the top group, ½ point ahead of such strong teams as Poland's and Hungary's. It was quite exciting when it happened, and Barcza (who looks the very image of the popular conception of an Englishman) was stopped in the street by an admiring crowd: *Engländer! Ja?.* 'Alas no,' he said, 'I am an Hungarian.' Popular interest was, indeed, considerable, and the Russian team was deservedly lionised. Proudly displayed at the back of the huge hall and in between the flags of the 36 competing nations was the F.I.D.E. motto *Gens una sumus;* moreover, the spirit of such admirable sentiment was pleasingly expressed all though the tournament as well as in the concluding banquet; many a speech pointing to the obvious conclusion that the politicians could be well advised to take a leaf out of our chess book. As for the fairly rich harvest of interesting games I'll revert to it in a week or two; meanwhile, here's a pretty game won by Penrose when playing the Bulgarian champion Bobozov at the top board.

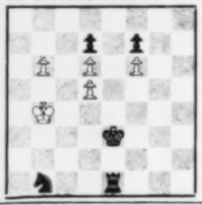
(1) P-K4, P-K4; (2) Kt-KB3, Kt-QB3; (3) B-Kt5, P-QR3; (4) B-R4, Kt-B3; (5) Q-K2, B-K2; (6) P-B3, P-QKt4; (7) B-B2, OO?(P-Q4!); (8) P-Q4, P-Q3; (9) QKt-Q2, Kt-KR4; (10) Kt-B1, P-Kt3; (11) B-R6, Kt-B5; (12) BxKt, PxB; (13) Q-Q2, P-Q4; (14) QxP, PxP; (15) BxP, B-Q3; (16) Q-R6, R-K1; (17) Kt-Kt5, Q-B3; (18) Kt-K3, B-Q2; (19) B-Q5, R-K2; (20) QxP ch, K-B1; (21) Kt-K4, RxKt; (22) BxR, R-K1; (23) BxKt, BxB; (24) O-O, R-K5; (25) P-KKt3, R-K4?; (26) PxR, resigns.

A: Tchélébi-Reilly 1958

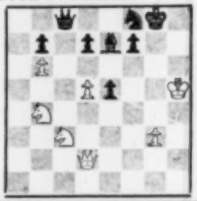


He had meant to play . . . Q-B6 and saw too late that Penrose could cope with it by Q-R8 ch, followed by Q-B6 ch. But then, Black was lost anyhow. Here now is an exciting ending reached by B. Reilly, playing for Ireland against Tchélébi of the Lebanon team. In great time trouble Reilly played [illegible] R-B8 ch; (39) K-Kt2, Q-B7ch; (40) K-Kt3 and now sealed . . . R-Kt8 ch. He thought to have the game well in hand, but during the adjournment it was discovered that White could neatly save ½ point. How he did it may well serve as my 4-pointer for beginners. **B,** a draw, is not too easy for 6 ladder-points nor is **C** a bargain for 7. It's a win, and it was proudly displayed on a wall board throughout the team tournament, having been dedicated to the Congress by its celebrated author. Usual prizes. Entries by 10 November.

B: Leonid Kubbel 1926



C: A. P. Kasanzev 1958



REPORT on No. 464. Set 4 October

A: (1) Q x R ch!, followed by R-ch & P-mate, if . . . KxQ.
B: (1) P-Kt4, thr. K-Kt2 & B-Kt 3 mate, hence . . . KxP; (2) K-R1, P-R7; (3) B-Kt1!, P = B!; (4) B-Q4!, BxB stalemate. (3) . . . P-Q(R) stalemates at once, and . . . P = Kt is refuted by (4) B-Kt6! etc.
C: (1) Q-Q7 ch, K-K4; (2) Q-Kt7 ch!, K-K3; (3) Q-K7 ch, K-B4; (4) Q-KB6 ch, K-K5; (5) Q-Kt5 ch, K-B6; (6) Q-Q5 ch, etc. if (1) . . . K-B5; (2) Q-Kt5 ch K-Q5; (3) B-B2 ch, K-B6!; (4) B-K1 ch!, K-Q5; (5) Q-Kt2 ch, K-B4; (6) Q-Kt6 ch, K-B5; (7) Q-Kt4 ch, K-Q6; (8) Q-B3 ch, K-K7; (9) Q-Q2 ch, K-B6; (10) Q-Q5 ch, etc.

Masses of correct solutions. Prizes: R. C. Chaturvedi, D. E. Cohen, J. R. Harman, C. Sandberg, B. Silver.

REPORT on No. 465. Set 11 October

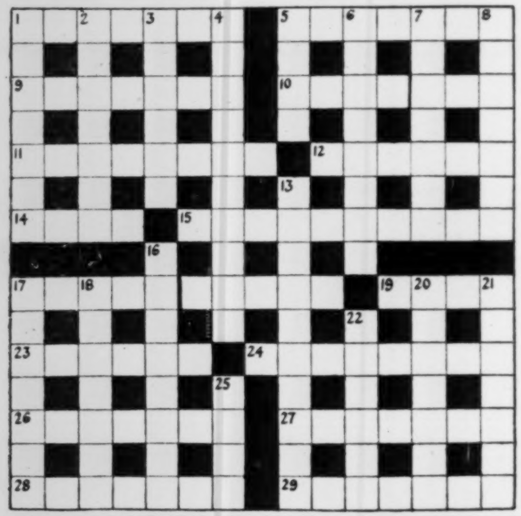
A: (1) R-R2, B-R7 (forced); (2) BxP ch, K-Kt1; (3) B-R7 ch, K-R1; (4) BxP ch, etc. up to (12) B-Kt1 ch, followed by BxB mate.
B: *Key:* Q-B2!; if . . . BxP ch; (2) Q-KB5 mate.
C: *Key:* P = B!; if . . . KxB; (2) Kt-B8, K-Kt4; (3) Kt-B7 mate if . . . K-R2; (2) B(8)-Kt7 etc.

An easy lot and dozens of correct solutions. Prizes: J. J. Connell, W. Goerke, C. R. Hattersley, W. T. Maccall, A. S. Munro, W. A. Parkin-Moore.

ASSIAC

Week-end Crossword 327

Prizes: Three book tokens of 15s. for the first correct solutions opened. Entries to Crossword 327, New Statesman, Great Turnstile, London, WC1, by first post on 11 Nov.



ACROSS

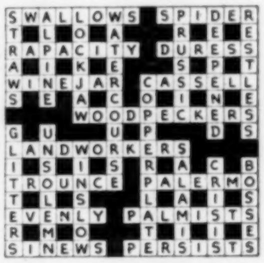
1. Effeminate fellow who has silk entwined in his hair (7).
5. Am in the clear perhaps, sweet (7).
9. The poet gets the girl to call back (7).
10. Punish a member for what is not a slip (4, 3).
11. Someone at the meeting I can harm tortuously (8).
12. Female adviser who reverses anger in time (6).
14. There is nothing behind cover where people swim (4).
15. Stage entertainment with a band interrupted by refreshments (10).
17. Teacher falls for holiday excursions (5, 5).
19. Score about a hundred and it stays at the top (4).
23. Colonise a place in Yorkshire (7).
24. Town where there is a grim look about the returned part of the course (8).
26. Sale in which, strangely enough, there is a cut in nothing (7).
27. Greek demonstrative and personal pronoun (7).
28. A number in the back rank came out (7).
29. Is discouraging as periods without a theory (7).

DOWN

1. Pleasing to the ear and universal in the distribution of claims (7).
2. Haul the fish up in a certain direction (7).
3. The protector of the house comes in to declare the wages (6).
4. They provide money and may serve for Mary as pets (10).
5. 'A ——— neglectful, and thereby Ribbands to flow confusedly' (Herrick) (4).
6. Vagabond needing an endless guarantee (8).
7. Strike up with a song fever (7).
8. Draw a pledge for trunks (7).
13. Passed away without a soul and dejected (10).
16. Compose verse about misery or bombardment (8).
17. Fall for a rotter in a suit (7).
18. If the essay were rewritten it might make it clear (7).
20. Disease which makes a gap in the rising curve (7).
21. Philosophers on entering obscurities (7).
22. French poetry is moving with a bar (6).
25. She turns up to eat (4).

SET-SQUARE

Solution to No. 325



S	W	A	L	L	O	W	S	■	S	P	I	D	E	R
T	■	L	■	O	■	A	■	■	■	R	■	E	■	E
R	A	P	A	C	I	T	Y	■	D	U	R	E	S	S
A	■	I	■	K	■	E	■	■	■	S	■	P	■	T
W	I	N	E	J	A	R	■	C	A	S	S	E	L	L
S	■	E	■	A	■	C	■	O	■	I	■	N	■	E
■	■	■	■	W	O	O	D	P	E	C	K	E	R	S
G	■	U	■	■	■	U	■	P	■	■	■	D	■	S
L	A	N	D	W	O	R	K	E	R	S	■	■	■	■
I	■	S	■	I	■	S	■	R	■	A	■	C	■	B
T	R	O	U	N	C	E	■	P	A	L	E	R	M	O
T	■	L	■	S	■	■	■	L	■	A	■	I	■	S
E	V	E	N	L	Y	■	P	A	L	M	I	S	T	S
R	■	M	■	O	■	■	■	T	■	I	■	I	■	E
S	I	N	E	W	S	■	P	E	R	S	I	S	T	S

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—and brilliantly win yourself a job shaped to fit. Our jungle provides an excellent choice.

THE ST STEPHEN'S SECRETARIAT
3/4 Lincoln's Inn Fields, WC2;
316 Vauxhall Bridge Road, SW1.

BBC requires Assistant to Publicity Officer in Cardiff to assist in organisation and carrying out of all BBC publicity in Wales. Ability to compile information and interest stories concerning programmes and related BBC activities expected. Candidates should have knowledge of working of newspapers and magazines, especially local dailies and weeklies including press photography. Thorough knowledge of Wales and ability to write fluently in Welsh as well as in English essential. Salary £825 (possibly higher if qualifications exceptional) rising by seven annual increments to £1,160 p.a. max. Requests for application forms (enclosing addressed envelope and quoting reference G.853 N.Stm) should reach Appointments Officer, Broadcasting House, London, W1, within five days.

AGRICULTURAL Economists, (a) 1 Principal. (b) 2 Assistants, in Ministry of Agriculture, Fisheries and Food. Pensionable posts in London for men and women. Age on 1-10-58 at least 31 for (a); at least 21 and normally under 28 for (b). 1st or 2nd Class honours degree in agriculture, economics or related subject, or (possibly) pass degree with special qualifications, or acceptable post-graduate Diploma. Principal post calls for at least 3 years' experience in agricultural economics or related subject; a knowledge of statistical methods will be an advantage. Duties include investigation of changes in financial conditions of agricultural industry and factors affecting agricultural output, analysis of farm accounting data and preparation of material for farm management advisory work. Men's London salary scales: (a) £1,450 - £2,050; (b) £635 - £1,110. Starting salary above minimum possible in both cases. Promotion prospects. Write Civil Service Commission, Burlington Gardens, London, W1, for application form quoting 4897/58. Closing date 6 November, 1958.

MINISTRY of Supply Research and Development Establishments, mainly in southern half of England, require (a) Senior Scientific Officers (min. age 26) and (b) Scientific Officers for work in physics, electronics, electrical or mechanical engineering, applied mathematics, aerodynamics, chemistry or metallurgy. 1st or 2nd class hons. degree or equiv. required and for SSO at least 3 years' post-graduate experience. Starting salary in range (a) £1,130 - £1,330, (b) £595 - £1,050 (male, in provinces). Rates for women reaching equality in 1961. Superannuation under FSSU. Opportunity for those under 32 to compete for established posts. Candidates should indicate fields of work in which interested. At National Gas Turbine Establishment, Pyestock, Hants., houses available for letting to married staff, and opportunities for new graduates to have workshop training. Forms from MLNS Technical and Scientific Register K, 26 King Street, London, SW1 (quote A.300/8A).

SENIOR Principal Scientific Officer required by Department of Scientific and Industrial Research. Pensionable appointment for man or woman for newly created post of Scientific Attache to H.M. Embassy in Moscow. To advise H.M. Ambassador on scientific matters and report on Soviet scientific and technical development. Posting to Moscow for at least two years in the first instance. Qualifications: 1st or 2nd class honours degree in scientific or engineering subject, or equivalent qualifications. Wide scientific and technical interests and experience. Good working knowledge of Russian, or ability to learn it quickly, essential. Knowledge of French or German an advantage. Salary scale (men) £2,150-£2,350 plus allowances. Promotion prospects. Write Civil Service Commission, 30 Old Burlington Street, London, W1, for application form quoting S4895/58. Closing date 11 Nov., 1958.

PRINCIPAL Scientific Officer: Ministry of Agriculture, Fisheries and Food. Pensionable post in London for man or woman at least 31 on 1 January 1958 for work on nuclear problems in relation to agriculture and food. Qualifications normally 1st or 2nd class hons degree in physics, physical chemistry or biochemistry, and at least 3 years' post graduate or other approved experience. Candidates should be familiar with the health physics aspects of radiation and the basis on which radiation hazards are estimated. Salary scale (men) £1,450-£2,050. Promotion prospects. Write Civil Service Commission, 30 Old Burlington Street, London, W1, for application form, quoting S4900/58. Closing date 27 November 1958.

SENIOR Clinical Psychologist. Amended Notice. The Royal Albert Hospital Management Committee invite applications for the post of Senior Clinical Psychologist (1,118 male and female mental defective beds.) The duties include the following. In co-operation with the Medical Superintendent, to develop the psychological service within the two hospitals in the Group, and to extend social rehabilitation in respect of appropriate grades of patient. Where possible emphasis will be placed upon the therapeutic and educational aspects, and the psychological department will take an active part in designing and supervising such schemes. The clinical work will include personality assessment, besides psychometric testing, together with scope for individual and joint research. The Hospital has a link with the University of Manchester, in that it is partly responsible for the teaching of DPM students and Psychiatric Social Workers. In addition, practical and theoretical training are given to students in preparation for the Diploma of the National Association for Mental Health; the Hospital also has a large and active Nurse Training School. Candidates should possess a Degree in Psychology. Preference will be given to those of Honours status, with post-graduate experience. Salary scale £1,050—£1,445 per annum. NHS Whitley Council Conditions of Service, National Health Service Superannuation Scheme. A cottage will be available for a married officer. Applications, stating full particulars, together with the names and addresses of three referees, should be sent not later than 22 November 1958, to the Group Secretary, Royal Albert Hospital, Lancaster, from whom any further information may be obtained.

UNIVERSITY of Western Australia. Lectureship in Physical Education. Applications are invited for the position of Lecturer in Physical Education in the University of Western Australia. Preference will be given to persons whose special experience has been in Kinesiology, or the Physiology of Exercise or Physical Education measurements and research methods. Salary scale - £A1,550-£2,050 per annum. Conditions of Appointment and general information about the University may be obtained from the Secretary, Association of Universities of the British Commonwealth, 36 Gordon Square, London, WC1. Applications close in Australia and London on Monday, 8 December, 1958.

CLINICAL Psychologist (sole, wholetime) required at Broadmoor Institution, Crowthorne, Berks., (920 beds), for persons of unsound mind of criminal tendencies. Salary £790 (age 25) £945 (age 30 or over) to £1,080. National Health Service conditions and superannuation. Further information from Medical Superintendent to whom applications naming three referees should be sent before 17 November 1958.

PSYCHOLOGIST (Senior Grade) required for 2 sessions per week. Whitley salary scales and conditions. Detailed applications, naming 2 refs, to Sec., West London Hospital, Hammersmith Rd, W6, within 14 days.

ESSEX. Applications are invited for the post of Educational Psychologist for full-time two team clinic at Ilford. The work will also include remedial and advisory work in schools. Candidates should have an Honours degree in Psychology or its equivalent and have had clinical training at a recognised training school in child guidance work. Soulbury II salary scale. Further particulars and application forms (s.a.e.) from Chief Education Officer, County Offices, Chelmsford.

NATIONAL Peace Council requires General Secretary. Wide knowledge of international affairs and administrative ability essential. Overseas experience a recommendation. Applications, with details of experience and names and addresses of three referees by 15 November to Chairman, NPC, 29 Great James Street, London, WC1, from whom further particulars may be obtained.

THE London School of Economics and Political Science. Applications are invited for appointment in October 1959, or earlier, to an Assistant Lectureship in Political Science. Salary scale £700 × £50 – £850 per annum, plus £60 London Allowance; with superannuation benefits and family allowances. In assessing the starting salary due consideration will be given to age and experience. Preference will be given to candidates who have qualifications in philosophy and are interested in political theory or the history of political ideas. Applications, with the names of three referees, should be received not later than 8 December 1958 by the Secretary, The London School of Economics and Political Science, Houghton Street, London, WC2, from whom further particulars may be obtained.

APPLICATIONS are invited for the post of editor/translator at the Regional Office for Europe of the World Health Organization, Copenhagen. Candidates should have a university degree, English mother tongue and a sound knowledge of Russian and French. The essential qualifications are ability to translate from these two languages into English and to edit documents and reports in English. Commencing annual salary US $4,800 and certain allowances. For application forms and further details, please write to the WHO Regional Office for Europe, 8 Scherfigsvej, Copenhagen Ø, Denmark. Closing date: 15 December 1958.

AUSTRALIA—University of Sydney. Lectureship in Ancient History. Applications are invited for the above position. Preference will be given to candidates specialising in Classical Greek History. Candidates should state their qualifications in all fields of Ancient Near Eastern and Classical Greek and Roman History. The salary for a Lecturer is within the range of £A1,500-90-£2,100 per annum, plus cost of living adjustment, and will be subject to deductions under the State Superannuation Act. The commencing salary will be fixed according to the qualifications and experience of the successful applicant. Under the Staff Members' Housing Scheme in cases approved by the University and its Bankers, married men may be assisted by loans to purchase a house. Further particulars and information as to the method of application may be obtained from the Secretary, Association of Universities of the British Commonwealth, 36 Gordon Square, London, WC1. The closing date for the receipt of applicns., in Australia and London, is 22 Nov., 1958.

AUSTRALIA—University of Queensland. Lecturer in Mathematics within the Department of External Studies. Applications are invited for the above position. Applicants should have an Honours Degree in Mathematics. Salary £A1,540/£A2,040 p.a. Further particulars and application forms are obtainable from the Secretary, Association of Universities of the British Commonwealth, 36 Gordon Square, London, WC1. Applications close, in Australia and London, on the 15 December, 1958.

AUSTRALIA—University of Queensland. Lecturer in French. Applications are invited for the above position. The applicant should hold an Honours degree with French as a major subject. Training in Philology will be regarded as an added qualification. If not a native speaker of French he must give evidence of ability to speak the language fluently and correctly and to deliver lectures in French. Salary £A1,540/£A2,040 p.a. Further particulars and application forms are obtainable from the Secretary, Association of Universities of the British Commonwealth, 36 Gordon Square, London, WC1. Applications close, in Australia and London, on the 15 December, 1958.

AUSTRALIA—University of Sydney. Lectureship/Senior Lectureship in German. Applications are invited for the above position. Preference will be given to a mediaevalist who is also a philologist. The salary for a Senior Lecturer is within the range £A2,200 – 80 – £2,600 per annum, for a Lecturer within the range £A1,500 – £A90 – £A2,100 per annum. In each case cost of living adjustment will be allowed. The salary is subject to deductions under the State Superannuation Act. The commencing salary will be fixed according to the qualifications and experience of the successful applicant. Under the Staff Members' Housing Scheme, in cases approved by the University and its Bankers, married men may be assisted by loans to purchase a house. Further particulars and information as to the method of application may be obtained from the Secretary, Association of Universities of the British Commonwealth, 36 Gordon Square, London, WC1. The closing date for the receipt of applications, in Australia and London, is 8 December, 1958.

UNIVERSITY of Canterbury, Christchurch, New Zealand. Chair of Philosophy. Applications are invited for the Chair of Philosophy, this vacancy being due to the appointment of Professor A. N. Prior to a chair of Philosophy at the University of Manchester. Although the next academic year in New Zealand commences in February 1959, the University will be prepared to arrange with the successful applicant a convenient date on which he should take up his duties. The salary attached to the Chair is at the rate of £2,190 per annum. Further particulars are available from the Secretary, Association of Universities of the British Commonwealth, 36 Gordon Square, London, WC1, or from the Registrar, P.O. Box 1471, Christchurch, New Zealand. Applications close on 31 December, 1958.

UNIVERSITY of Canterbury, Christchurch, New Zealand.—Lecturer in History. Applications are invited for the position of Lecturer in the Department of History and Political Science. Applicants should have an Honours degree in History. The salary attached to the position will be at the rate of £1,025 per annum, rising by annual increments of £50 to £1,275 per annum. An allowance is made towards travelling expenses. Further particulars and information as to the method of application may be obtained from the Secretary, Association of Universities of the British Commonwealth, 36 Gordon Square, London, WC1. The closing date for the receipt of applications, in New Zealand and London, is 1 December 1958.

APPOINTMENTS VACANT—continued

UNIVERSITY of Canterbury, Christchurch, New Zealand. Assistant Lecturer in Psychology. Applications are invited for the above position. Candidates should have an honours degree from a recognised University. Previous teaching or research experience will be an advantage. The salary attached to the position will be at the rate of £780 per annum, rising by annual increments to £880 per annum. An allowance is made towards travelling expenses. Further particulars and information as to the method of application may be obtained from the Secretary, Association of Universities of the British Commonwealth, 36 Gordon Square, London, WC1. The closing date for the receipt of applications, in New Zealand and London, is 15 November, 1958.

THE University of Manchester. Extra-Mural Department. Applications are invited for the non-resident post of Staff Tutor at Holly Royde Residential College, with the salary and status of Assistant Lecturer in the University. Salary scale per annum: £700 × £50 to £850. Membership of FSSU and Children's Allowance Scheme. Candidates should have a good Honours degree in History, Social Studies, or English (with interests in social-economic matters). Applications should be sent not later than 22 November, 1958 to the Registrar, the University, Manchester, 13, from whom further particulars and forms of application may be obtained.

UNIVERSITY of London. Institute of Psychiatry. Applications are invited for the post of Lecturer in Psychology which will become vacant on or about 1 May, 1959. Candidates should have the appropriate academic qualifications and experience of carrying out practical and research work in the field of clinical psychology. Salary scale including London Allowance, £960 × £50 – £1,410 (Proficiency Bar) then × £75 to £1,710. Initial salary according to qualifications and experience. Membership of FSSU and Family Allowance Scheme. Application forms, to be returned as soon as possible, obtainable from Secretary, Institute of Psychiatry, Maudsley Hospital, Denmark Hill, SE5. (Ref. Psychol.)

UNIVERSITY of Western Australia. Librarianship. Applications are invited for the position of Librarian in the University of Western Australia. Salary £A3,500 p.a. Conditions of appointment and general ininformation about the University are obtain-from the Secretary, Association of Universities of the British Commonwealth, 36 Gordon Square, London, WC1. Applications close, in Australia and London, on 10 December, 1958.

UNIVERSITY of Western Australia. Chair of French. Applications are invited for the newly created Chair of French in the University of Western Australia. Salary £A3,500 p.a. Conditions of appointment and general information about the University are obtainable from the Secretary, Association of Universities of the British Commonwealth, 36 Gordon Sq., London, WC1. Applns close, in Australia and London, on 9 Jan. 1959.

AUSTRALIA – University of Queensland. Lecturer in Economics within the Department of External Studies. Applications are invited for the above position. Applicants should have an Honours Degree in Economics, or equivalent qualifications. Salary £A1,540/£A2,040 p.a. Further particulars and application forms are obtainable from the Secretary, Association of Universities of the British Commonwealth, 36 Gordon Square, London, WC1. Applications close, in Australia and London, on the 30 November, 1958.

LONDON County Council. Aylwin Secondary Girls' School, 55 Southwark Park Rd, SE16. Headmistress required Easter 1959 for this Grammar School with a roll of about 600 girls. Burnham Group XI based on an average unit total of 1,063 for 1956-8. Courses lead to GCE at all levels. Music, drama and art are strong features of school. Apply on Form TS10 obtainable with further particulars, from The Education Officer (TS/10), The County Hall, London SE1, and returnable to him by 8 Nov. (Candidates who have completed Form TS10 within the last year and have nothing to alter, may complete Form TS10B). Applicants who applied in response to the previous advertisement will be considered without further application unless they withdraw. (2081)

KENT – Bradstow School, Dumpton Park Drive, Broadstairs; Headmistress. London County Council school for girls of all ages and junior boys; situated in pleasant position overlooking sea, with easy access to beach. (I) Teacher required, mainly for general classwork; ability to teach art or a craft an advantage; interest in backward children and general life of school is more important than special school experience. (II) Mistress to teach PE and Modern Dancing and to maintain tradition of success in teaching Classical Dancing to ESN children. Someone able to take part in the whole life of the school, and with sympathetic and understanding attitude to backward children essential. Qualified teachers should write to Education Officer TS5, County Hall, London, SE1 (SAE F'scap.) for application form TS40 and return it within 14 days to headmistress of school. (Single quarters only are available; Child Care Staff are employed to assist with supervisory duties (2094)

SECRETARY S/T., 27/30, well-educated, good speeds, for West End Oil Company. £600 plus l.v.'s. Portman Bureau, 78 George Street, W1. HUNter 0676.

APPOINTMENTS VACANT—continued

WHY Not Be A Nurse? You can become State Registered in three years. Training allowance £273 – £299 a year, plus dependant's allowance. Full Staff Nurses' salary £446 – £557 payable on passing final examination. Modern Nurses' Home. Separate bedrooms. Splendid recreational facilities. 15 miles from London. Excellent train and bus services to Metropolis, coast and Kent countryside. Write now to the Secretary, Dartford School of Nursing, Room No. 22, The Bow Arrow Hospital, Dartford, Kent.

HEADMASTER junior co-educational day school requires intelligent, industrious lady (without ties) as Secretary and Personal Assistant. Work long hours during term and enjoy good holidays. Excellent salary and accommodation in countrified London for co-operative, conscientious humanist. Please write fully to Box 4058.

SOUTH Hampstead High School (GPDST), 3 Maresfield Gdns, NW3. Wanted in January, part-time teacher of Jewish Scripture for about three mornings a week. Please apply to The Head Mistress, stating qualifs and enclosing testimonials, as soon as possible.

CARDIFF firm, whose principal is entering Parliament, requires Solicitor to take full charge of litigation department where considerable amount of Trade Union work is handled. Must have ample experience, hard working and ambitious, preferably in the thirties. Commencing salary, £1.250 to £1.750, according to experience and ability. Excellent prospects. Assistance with housing if necessary. Box 3847.

PRISON and Borstal Service: Women Assistant Governors. One or more pensionable posts for women with good general education and at least 21 on 1.10.58, who can fill responsible positions and are genuinely interested in reformative work with girls and women. Salary (London) £599 (at 25 or under) to £745 (30 or over), rising to £909. Free accommodation or allowance in lieu. Write Civil Service Commission, Burlington Gardens, London, W1, for appln form, quoting 227/58/10. Closing date 18 Nov. 1958.

BRITISH Council for the Welfare of Spastics. Ponds Home for Young Adult Spastics. Required, a qualified Speech Therapist. Whitley Council Scale. Full particulars and application form may be obtained from The Warden, Ponds Spastic Home, Seer Green, Bucks.

ESSEX. Child Psychotherapists required at Harlow and Romford Child Guidance Clinics up to five sessions a week at each clinic. Sessional fee £2 12s. 6d. plus travelling expenses from home to clinic. Consideration would be given to applications for full-time employment between the clinics. Soulbury II salary. Further particulars and application forms (s.a.e.) from Chief Education Officer, County Offices, Chelmsford.

APPLICATIONS invited for posts of two Psychiatric Social Workers, one Senior. Staff consists of consultant and visiting psychiatrists, educational psychologists, play therapists, psychiatric social workers. Voluntary Clinic serving all denominations. School holidays. Whitley Scale. Applications to Director, Notre Dame Child Guidance Clinic, 20, Athole Gardens, Glasgow, W2.

APPLICATIONS are invited for the post of full-time Welfare Officer (female). For particulars apply in writing to the Assistant Secretary, The Jewish Blind Society, 1 Craven Hill, London, W2.

COUNTY Council of Essex. Applications are invited for two new posts of Housemaster at Chafford School, Ramsey, nr. Harwich, an Approved School for 91 boys, 13-16 years. Candidates should possess a qualification in Social Science or the residential child care certificate for approved schools. Salary ranges from £505 per annum at age 23 years to £610 per annum at 30 years and then annually to £785 per annum, less £116 per annum, if resident, for board and lodging (single accommodation only). Applications also considered from men possessing University diploma in Youth Service or Leadership and from others with experience acceptable to a Home Office Interview Board. Apply Children's Officer, County Hall, Chelmsford.

INVALID Children's Aid Association require an experienced Caseworker to be responsible for the administration of a new and growing Branch of the Association either in Kent or Middlesex. The post offers opportunity for intensive Casework, attendance at weekly Case Conferences and the practical training of University Social Science Students. Salary according to qualifications and experience. Applications from women possessing Social Science Certificate and (preferably) a professional qualification, should be made before 7 November to the Secretary, ICAA, 4 Palace Gate, W8.

COUNTY Council of Essex. Resident Supervisor required at Remand Home for 40 boys (Junior and Senior) at Boyles Court, Brentwood. Duties include supervision of boys' occupations (including gardening) and leisure activities and generally assist with the running of the Home. Salary scale £520 × £20 – £600 a year, according to experience, less £116 for emoluments. Apply Children's Officer, County Hall, Chelmsford.

HOUSEFATHER required spastic residential centre (16-25). Good living conditions, full social life. Apply Warden, Coombe Farm, Oaks Rd., Croydon. ADD. 2310.

APPOINTMENTS VACANT—continued

MID-Herts Group Hospital Management Committee. Applications are invited for the post of Child Care Worker at a Home for psychotic and maladjusted children aged 3-10, within easy reach of Central London. Experience in residential care of children desirable. A training course covering this unique field of child care is in operation. 44-hour week. Applications to Secretary (NS), Bleak House, Catherine Street, St. Albans, Herts, from whom further details may be obtained.

LETCHWORTH Adult Educational Settlement requires Warden from 1 January, 1959. Graduate (man or woman) preferred. Starting salary £550 p.a. Further details and application forms (returnable by 17 November) from Secretary. Applications for temporary appointment will also be considered.

YOU might do more interesting or responsible work. Hillcroft College offers year's residential course in liberal subjects to women over 20. Excellent preparation for further training for social work, teaching, etc. Recognised by Min. of Ed. Grants available. Prospectus & advice from Secretary (NS), Hillcroft College, South Bank, Surbiton, Surrey.

APPLICATIONS are invited from single women (age group 28/36 years) for the appointment of Assistant to the Manageress in a large factory department in Bradford. Adequate education and supervisory experience is necessary and the vacancy might suit a personnel officer seeking more general management status. Starting salary dependent on experience up to £600/annum with contributory pension rights. Write giving fullest details to Production Engineer, Box 3894.

UNIVERSITY of London – Goldsmiths' College, Training Department. Required as soon as possible, Secretary for Women's Vice-Principal. Post also includes some general office duties involving interesting contacts with students. Salary on scale with maximum £605 16s. per annum. Pension scheme. Applications (three copies) giving names of three referees, to Warden, Goldsmiths' College, New Cross, London, SE14, from whom further particulars obtainable if desired.

ENTERPRISING yng woman, 18/25, prepared for really hard work & responsibility, wanted in expanding concern dealing with international hospitality. Excellent memory, sense of humour and some knowledge of typing and French essential. Other languages useful. Write EFA, 1 New Burlington Street, London, W1.

PHYSICS. Grad. tutor (f.) reqd from Jan. for part-time work. Lond., W1. Box 3896.

SECRETARIAL assistant in publications department of National Council of Social Service. Varied work including sub-editing and proof reading. Willing to take responsibility. Month's annual holiday. Canteen. Pension scheme. Salary £8-£9. Miss Summers, 26 Bedford Sq., WC1. MUS. 8944.

CAREERS Problems. Consult the Vocational Guidance Association, 37a Devonshire Street, W1 WEL. 8017.

BRAZIERS requires residential secretarial help. Initially short term. Apply Warden, Braziers, Ipsden, Oxon.

APPOINTMENTS WANTED

YOUNG woman artist, 24, NDD Slade Diploma, seeks interesting post, part-time preferred. Box 3985.

BARRISTER, 33, LL.B, expert knowledge of taxation and accountancy, sound admin. experience & organising ability, wide cultural & general interests, seeks post. All serious offers considered. Box 3994.

EXPERIENCED, adaptable secretary sks post Lond. Consider anything. Box 3997.

VIGOROUS, elderly woman (70) wants congenial part-time employment, Highgate/Hampstead; house companion, child-sitter or anything similar. Box 3973.

TRUSTWORTHINESS, ability, education are the fundamental qualities of a middle-aged woman looking for a suitable position, part- or full-time. Long experience in second-hand book sales and clothing trade. Perfect German and French. Excellent refs. Box 3865.

YOUNG man, mature State scholarship holder, entering University Oct. 1959 seeks congenial interim position of initiative, travel anywhere. Box 3954.

EX-GERMAN, now British, available for work where conscientiousness, integrity, intelligence & legal training would be useful. Library work might suit. Applicant now in London but mobile. Reply: Stephen Murray, Greenside, Hallbankgate, Brompton, Cumb.

LADY, good typing (no shorthand), seeks part-time work, Hampstead. Box 4067.

YOUNG woman, energetic, imaginative and adaptable, with wide prof. experience of music, stage, teaching, languages, children, seeks part-time job.—Box 4033.

SPANIARD, m. 22, sks family job. Can teach Span., do anything. Write: Ramis, 67 Dagnan Rd, SW12.

RELIABLE, well-informed man (27), Arts degrees, languages (inc. Russian), seeks post. Available at once. Box 4085.

QUALIFIED & exper. secretary offers part-time services with elastic hours to mutual agreement, Hampstead area. Own typewriter. Fluent Italian; Engl. and French shorthand, some German. Box 4117.

APPOINTMENTS WANTED—continued

DISCRIMINATING Employers seeking office staff of either sex are invited to consult Stella Fisher Bureau, 436 Strand, WC2. TEM. 6644.

ACCOMMODATION VACANT

OVERLKG Hamp. Heath. B/s. w. k'ette. Sparsely furn. 11 gns. mthly. W. grad. pref. 47 Hampstead Way, NW11. SPE. 3313.

ROOM vacant for someone sharing facils of house with yng people. BAT. 5875.

FURN. room W. Hampstead, in yng couple's flat, use kit. & bathrm. Suit quiet s/c student-type. Approx. 50s. Box 3862.

FURNISHED garden flat to let Swiss Cottage. 3 rooms, k. & b. 6½ gns. Box 3826.

INTERNATIONAL Residential Club, 200 dble & sgle rooms, £4 10s. full board. 12 Parkhill Rd, East Croydon. CRO. 2634.

FLAT, partly furn., 2 rms, twin beds, kit., bathr. Elderly bus. couple preferred. Nr Canons Pk Stn. Refs. EDG. 3404.

WRITER (f.) wd share Chelsea house with prof. woman, 25-40. All facs, 4½ gns. Commonwealth, US grads welc. FLA. 3258.

LOUNGE & double bedroom (interconnecting), use of bathroom/kitchen in bachelor's flat; W4 (20 minutes town) available for another. CHI. 3853 after 7.

ONE/two modern rooms, suit young couple, all facs. 2 mins Brent Bridge. 'Phone Sat./Sun. morning. SUN. 2285.

SINGLE furnished room nr Marble Arch. Cooking facils, and service, h. & c., telephone. Ring WEL. 3921.

FURN. room to let in flat, Maida Vale. 3 gns p.w. Use of kit., bath, tel. Woman 25/35 please apply. Box 3986.

UNFURN. s/c flat, nr Zoo. Lrg. sittingrm. with kit, alcove, bedrm, bathrm, new equipment. Reas. rent 3 yr. lease. Box 4041.

HAM. 3088 weekend or after 6.30. Attractive bed-sitting room offered bus/professional lady in owner's charming flat, 3 gns.

HAMPSTEAD. Charming redec. divan rm. Lge kit., phone, garden. Dom. serv. but no landlady. Incl. cost £3 3s. Box 4070.

KENSINGTON. Teacher (f. 29) offers share 2 rms. 2 gns p.w. Roach, PARk 4580.

TWO spacious well-furnished rooms Holland Park area. Cooking facs, share bath & phone. Suit 2 friends. £4 4s. Box 3972.

HORNSEY Rise: big comf. b/s, use kit. 35s. occ. baby-sit. 8 & 6. ARC. 5576.

NW3. Converted mews flat. One room separated into bedrm & sitrm, mod. kit. & bathrm. Fitted carpets throughout. Cost of complete home, conversion & dec. £875 o.n.o. Low fixed rent. CUN. 1616 or Box 4103.

CONGENIAL atmosphere, music/literary interests. 2 sgle rooms, ckg facs, 50s, 60s. 'Phone after 4 (not Sun.) HAM. 8109.

BED-sitter Hampstead, suit young couple. £2 15s. per week. SWI. 3417.

OLD Hampstead. Furn. 3 rms, kitchenette, bath. Priv. house. 7½ gns. HAM. 3621.

HAMPSTEAD. Large, pleasant bed-sitting-room to let. Cooking facs. Nr. buses/Heath. Young household. 3 gns. GUL. 5359.

LARGE beautiful room in artist's flat, rural surroundings, luxury conveniences. Rent by arrangement. References required. Suitable business lady. Telephone HAMpstead 6130.

ROOM vacant for someone in 20s sharing facilities of house with young people. WIL. 3702.

LGE b/s., full use kit., tel., etc., exchange care boy 5 yrs from 3.30 to 5.30 term-time and occas. babysitting. Box 3971.

CARAVAN to let all-year-living. Private site by old water mill, Mid-Sussex. Accom. 2. Low rent. Box 3910.

CORNWALL. Sunny flat overlkg Bay, equipped 5 persons, nr sea, shops, buses. Sep. entrance. Nov.-April. S.a.e. Box 4102.

PEACE and warmth in Appledore, N. Devon. Cottage or small flat both labour-saving and charming. Mod. rent. Oct. until Easter. Particulars Mrs. Holland, Goosander, Odun Rd, Appledore, N. Devon. Northam 744.

ACCOMMODATION WANTED

SERIOUS male post-grad. student reqs furn./unfurn. flat max. 35 min. Temple Station. 1/2 rooms, share bathrm. Occupancy for 2 years. Max. £5. 'Phone RIV. 4323.

WOMAN doctor seeks flatlet or share flat NW London. Box 3829.

MID-aged office worker seeks room with private family. H. & c. essential. Fond gardening. London area. Box 3992.

BUSINESS lady with own piano reqs b/s., ckg facs, h. & c., London. Box 3996.

LADY (Grad.) seeks accom. Nov./Dec. B/s or share flat. Own ckg. LE 7. 2026.

MUSIC student f. requires accom. with board, London, gd piano ess. Box 4105.

ROOM wanted unfurnished or semi-furnished. Marylebone. Ckg facilities. Use bathroom. BBC woman. Box 4095.

DESPERATELY needed, Central London, unfurnished 4 bed accom.; ex Labour MP little capital, small income from socially-valuable employment. Box 4124.

LECTURE COURSES, etc.—cont. from p. 616

UNIVERSITY of London: A course of three lectures entitled 'Pressure Groups in Great Britain and the United States' will be delivered by Professor S. H. Beer (Harvard) at 5 p.m. on 3, 4 and 5 November at the London School of Economics and Political Science, Houghton Street, Aldwych, WC2. Admission free, without ticket. James Henderson, Academic Registrar.

UNIVERSITY of London: A course of two lectures entitled 'Sociological Aspects of Inter-island Migration in Indonesia' will be delivered by Professor W. F. Wertheim (Amsterdam) at 5 p.m. on 4 and 6 November at the London School of Economics and Political Science, Houghton Street, Aldwych, WC2. Admission free, without ticket. James Henderson, Academic Registrar.

'HIGHER Education in the Nuclear Age.' Conference and discussion for teachers, scientists, students, and all interested in the future development of higher education. Organised by the Communist Party. Caxton Hall, 22 Nov. All day. Full details, 16 King Street, WC2.

'PRESSURE to Conform'—a weekend Conference. Speakers: Dr William Belson, Dr Norbert Elias, Elkan Allan, Stuart Hall. Friday 14-Sunday 16 November at a comfortable hotel by the sea, with stimulating discussion, friendly company, dancing. Bracklesham Bay Hotel, near Chichester, Sussex. Members: £3 12s. 6d., non-members £3 17s. 6d. Applications to: Autumn Conference Booking Officer, The Progressive League, 20 Buckingham Street, WC2.

BRITAIN in Europe. Fabian Weekend School, The Hallams, Guildford, 7-9 Nov. Denis Healey, MP, and other speakers. Details, 11 Dartmouth St, SW1.

STANBURY Scholarship in Stage Design, tenable at Slade School of Fine Art for one year from October 1959, may be awarded to a suitable applicant having either previous art school training or practical experience in the theatre. Application forms can be obtained from the Secretary of the Slade School, University College London, Gower St, WC1, and should be returned with samples of work by 15 December 1958.

SLADE School of Fine Art, University College London. Candidates for admission in October 1959 should submit application forms by 15 December 1958 to the Secretary, Slade School of Fine Art, University College London, Gower St, WC1, from whom forms and conditions of entry may be obtained. Students applying to study Stage Design will be considered for the Stanbury Scholarship.

UNIVERSITY of London Institute of Education. Applications for admission in October 1959 to the undermentioned full-time courses should be made as soon as possible to: The Registrar, University of London Institute of Education, Malet Street, WC1, from whom further details may be obtained. The courses are intended for qualified teachers with not less than five years' experience; successful candidates will be eligible to apply for financial assistance as set out in the Ministry of Education Administrative Memorandum No. 560. Advanced Course – Department of Child Development. Diploma in the Content and Methods of Health Education; Diploma in the Education of Handicapped Children with special reference to the needs of (a) Educationally Subnormal Children or (b) Maladjusted Children; Diploma in Religious Education; Course in Education of Children in the Junior School.

TUITION by post for Lond. Univ. Degrees & Diplomas; also for GCE, Law Professional exams. Mod. fees, instalments. Prosp. from C. D. Parker MA, LLD, Dept VH91, Wolsey Hall, Oxford (Est. 1894).

TOUCH-Typing. Learn in 12-24 private lessons. Peggy Sutton. FLAxman 7967.

ITALIAN, French, Germ. (Rome Univ., Sorb., Heidelb.), spec. Holiday Syll., also coach to Univ. Ent. Mrs Chanda. HAM. 7322.

LANGUAGE Tuition Centre, School of Foreign Languages & School of English for Foreign Nationals, Students' Club, 26-32 Oxford Street. LANgham 1005. All foreign languages in day & eveng classes or private lessons beginners & all grades. Daily classes in English and prep. for Cambridge Univ. Certificates. Short or long courses. Enrolment daily. Prospectus free.

FRENCH, German, Spanish, Italian – direct method. Reduced fees for long courses. St Giles' School of Languages, 64/66 Oxford Street, W1. MUSeum 4574.

RUSSIAN lessons given by Leningrad Univ. grad. E. R., 31 Mowbray Rd, NW6.

FRENCH. Conversation Courses for Beginners. Discussion Groups. Private Lessons. Correspondence Courses. The Mentor, 11 Charing Cross Rd, WC2. TRA. 2044.

WHY Worry? Convert all your wasted energy into constructive action. Eliminate Fear, Depression and Worry with Pelmanism, you will then accomplish so much that you will have nothing to worry about. Write for free copy of 'The Science of Success' which fully describes the Course. Pelman Institute, 67 Norfolk Mansions, Wigmore St, London, W1. WELbeck 1411.

SPANISH Guitar Lessons. Auth. Span. meth. Personal and class lessons by Len Williams. Apply free booklet cont. 'History of the Guitar': Spanish Guitar Centre, 36 Cranbourne St, WC2. Tel. COV. 0754.

LECTURE COURSES, etc.—continued

TOUCH-typing &/or Pitman's Shorthand. Private tuition. BAYswater 1786.

EXPERT tuition in interpretation and technique of Pianoforte playing – Leschetizky Method. Tanya Polunin. LRAM, 46 Clarendon Rd, London, W11.

ST Peter's Loft, St Ives, Cornwall. Fine Art training studio, Workshop & Pottery, Peter Lanyon-William Redgrave. Drawing, Painting, Portraiture, Still-Life, Abstraction, Landscape, Preparation of materials. Lectures, Pottery. Accom. arranged.

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Why not take a Home Study course in general Commercial Art, including anatomy, layout, poster and illustration with the FAMOUS ARTISTS SCHOOLS? We will train you for a well-paid spare-time occupation in Commercial Art. Write for FREE talent test and opinion of your ability to

FAMOUS ARTISTS SCHOOLS
17 WESTPORT, GODALMING, SY

HOME in Highgate, but no pocket-money, offered girl in exchange for some housework and occasional baby-sitting. Box 4036.

ITALIAN girl studying English reqs board & lodging with English family exch. babysitting & light housework. Box 4098.

TENOR wanted to complete group singing polyphonic music. Monthly Saturday afternoon meetings in Bloomsbury. Apply Ralph Cocks, 2 Etchingham Park Road, N3.

CITY Opera Club. Vacancies altos & men, Wednesdays. 'Phone NEW Cross 3332.

KITZBUHEL, Austria: charming, fully equipped house to let winter. Sleep six. Service. Box 4009.

DORSET. Flat in artist's secluded home, s/c., 3 rms, kit, bath, elec. ckr., immersion heater, 'phone. Garden, views. Salisbury-Dorchester bus route. Box 3844.

BI-LINGUAL Viennese lady teaches her native language successfully, enthusiastically and with great experience, to beginners or advanced pupils, individually or in small groups. Box 3998.

SWISS winter sports. Vacancies private party Xmas. R.F., WES. 1848/Box 4047.

VIENNESE schoolmaster offers German tuition &/or conversation. Box 3944.

PART-time housekeeper (afternoons) offered large comf. room, cen. htg, h. & c., cooker, in woman architect's home, & small wage. HAM. 2138 or Box 4119.

PLEASANT room, large family house, ½ hr London. Foreign visitor or student welcomed, board by arrangement. Box 4062.

ACTING. Producer, on staff of RADA, gives private coaching. Box 3987.

LADY wishes meet sound business person with capital, help her utilise extensive experience Vegetarian/Food Reform cooking, administration & enthusiasm for creative work. Box 3677.

ARTIST/writer interested to join/form prayer group of like persons. Box 3834.

WANTED: coaching in advanced Zoology, North London. Box 3868.

PARIS. Young woman companion wanted for 10-yr-old schoolboy during Christmas & Easter holidays. Week-ends free. Box 3907.

FREE guitar lessons in exch. for helping author textbook, Lond. Box 3915.

GERMAN girl seeks accom. in exchange some work & rent, London. KEN. 3959.

GERMAN-English conversation exchange desired by English graduate. WES. 1848.

TALENTED playwrights consult S. Guest Associates, 12 Hanover Street, W1.

DANCE Yourself to Health and Happiness – Classes for everybody in modern ballet and self expression, mime and drumming – Ernest Berk's Studio, 249 Camden Rd, N7. Write for syllabus.

WRITING & Acting a Play: 14 Nov. week-end at Braziers, Ipsden, Oxon; 21 Nov. 'Art & Social Progress', 28, 'Leatherwork'.

WRITE for Profit. Send today for free 24-page booklet, which describes the openings for new writers . . . reveals that you can make extra income by writing, wherever you live . . . shows that RI students have sold work to over 1,750 publications – a record without parallel – and that many earn while learning. Regent Institute (Dept. F/191), Palace Gate, London, W8.

PERSONAL—continued

GANYMED Christmas Cards. Bewick's wood-cuts. 6 winter scenes, coloured mounts, small edition, 2s. each inc. envelope. 3 doz. upwards post free. Ganymed, 11 Great Turnstile, WC1.

UNDERSTANDING foster parents are required for homeless, sensitive 12 year old girl of normal intelligence. Clothing and maintenance payments will be made. Enquiries to Children's Officer, County Hall, Maidstone.

FOREST School Camps. Introductory course, 27 December till 2 January, for those wishing to join the staff of these co-educational summer camps for children of all ages. Details from Mrs. S. Powlesland, 26 Chicago Avenue, Gillingham, Kent.

CHRISTMAS Party. Beatrice Webb Ho., Dorking (Abinger 404). £7 10s. for 24/29 Dec. Send £1 deposit to Manageress.

CHILDREN'S Opera Group. Dir.: Margaret John, LRAM. Classes in Singing, Theory of Music, Speech Training and Dramatic Art. Juniors 4-12 yrs. Seniors 12-18 yrs. West End Studios. Enqs. MOU. 5543.

SINGING Coach and Accompanist, trained Milan and London. Fluent Italian, knowledge French & German. Tel. PRI. 0639.

SCHOLARSHIP for a second chance of a Liberal Education for woman member of Labour Party. Vacant in January 1959 and tenable at Hillcroft College. Covers full cost of year's residential course with good personal allowance. Choice of literature, economics, political theory, history, etc., with music, painting, drama. Excellent preparation for training for teaching, social work, etc. Recognised by Min. of Ed. Particulars from Secretary (NS), Hillcroft College, South Bank, Surbiton, Surrey.

SOCIAL Science Tutorial College. Diploma courses. 11 Old Bond St, W1.

VISION Corrected. Sight improved without glasses. Qualified Bates Practitioner. Michael Ronan, 29 Gloucester Road, SW7. KNIghtsbridge 7323.

FREE ski-ing holiday and money offered to University student willing to do a little work. Write: Box 3781.

TV urgently needs scripts! Our Correspondence Course can teach you to earn big money this year. Personal coaching by top TV scriptwriters. Prospectus from Dept. 104, Television Writing School, 7 Harley Street, London, W1.

VISAPHONE. The new word-sound-picture method of learning languages. Free trial offer, no deposit. Home demonstrations in London and other areas. Full details: Visaphone Co., 10 Bayley St, WC1. MUS. 7223.

MORTGAGES 1st & 2nd promptly granted. Lloydgam Ltd, 32 Shaftesbury Ave, London, W1. Tel. GER. 2144.

USA. We arrange domestic & Au Pair posts 1 year minimum. Personal interview preferred. Eductour, 10 Exhibition Rd, SW7.

PHILIP Humphreys, Psychologist, 69 Prince's Gate, S. Kensington, SW7. KENsington 8042.

WATFORD: See Meetings Column, 'Community Living'.

ALEXANDER Technique. Eric de Peyer, 7 Wellington Sq., SW3. SLO. 3141.

CAMERA repairs for amateurs and professionals. Also good selection of s/h equipment. Camera Advice Centre, 54 Park Road (cont. Baker St), NW1.

MR M. DAVIDSON, FSMC, Ophthalmic Optician, attends at The Hatton Optical Co., 19 Hatton Garden, Holborn, EC1 (Tel. HOL. 8193.)

LETTICE Ramsey, Photographer. Please arrange London apmts through Ramsey & Muspratt, P.O. Terrace, Cambridge 4633.

EARN Money Songwriting! Interesting free book tells how. Send 2d. stamp to: Linton School of Songwriting, Desk N., 20, Denmark Street, London, WC2.

THE Central Board for Conscientious Objectors, 6 Endsleigh St, WC1, offers its advice on matters of conscience to those liable for National Service and Reservists.

STORIES wanted by the Agency Dept C.20 of British Institute of Fiction Writing Science, Ltd, Chronicle House, Fleet St, EC4. We negotiate suitable work on a 15% of sales basis (no reading fee), unsuitable work returned with reasons for rejection. We also offer an interesting booklet giving dets & fees for our Course & Criticisms, & success letters from students.

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FOREIGN girls domest. and willing avail. (1) 'au pair', (2) requiring free board & lodg. in exch. 4 hrs help. (3) also small contribution for board & lodg. & 2 hrs help. Eductour, 10 Exhibition Rd, SW7.

MASSAGE for health and fitness relieves nervous tension. HAM. 2514. 1-4 p.m.

CHINESE exquisite hand embroidered pillow cases. White 20 × 30in. Four for only 27s. Post 1s. 6d. Satisfaction or money back. H. Conway, Ltd (Dept. 18), 1/3 Stoke Newington Rd, London, N16.

PERSONAL—continued

ACCOMMODATION for summer school or conference, 25 July to 1 Aug. 80 single and 10 double rooms with h. & c. and further dormitory accommodation for 30. Apply Bursar, Dartington Hall School, Totnes, S. Devon.

SHOULD incurable sufferers have the right to merciful release? Write Euthanasia Society, 13 Prince of Wales Terrace, W8.

PERSONAL happiness, social harmony, racial, religious and moral tolerance are interdependent. You agree? Write Sec. (A), Progressive League, 20 Buckingham St, WC2.

THE Art of Seeing. Readers impressed by Aldous Huxley's account of how his sight was saved by the methods of the late Dr Bates, the celebrated American oculist & author of 'Good Sight Without Glasses' may be interested to know that this technique is practised by the Misses Scarlett (LANgham 3626 and Brighton 52663).

FOREIGN girls seek domestic posts, preferably au pair'. Anglo-Continental Bureau, 148 Walton Street, SW3. KEN. 1586.

SUCH diverse personalities as C. P. Snow, Hugh Trevor-Roper, John P. Marquand, have been photographed by Mark Gerson. Have you? Price list on request, 61 Seymour St, W1. PAD. 2708.

IMPECUNIOUS But Aesthetic? Please send for catalogue: Margery Dean, Wivenhoe, Essex. Good inexpensive antiques.

YOUR best-laid plans have broken down? A pipe of Tom Long clears your frown.

KNOW-How brings writing success. No sales – no fees. Gift year's subscription to Britain's foremost magazine for writers. Send for free N.1 'Know-How Guide to Writing Success'. BA School of Successful Writing Ltd, 124 New Bond St, London, W1.

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STOP smoking at once – or money back! Easiest way, permanent. Guarantee and free booklet from Dept. J8, Natural Health Co., 23 White Hart Lane, London, SW13.

ABBATT Toyshop. Worthwhile toys make the best Christmas presents. Write for catalogue. Dept. NS, 94 Wimpole Street, W1.

LYRICS and sketches required. Scripts to Irving Theatre, Leicester Square, WC2.

PLANNED Family Requisites. List s.a.e. Surgical Stores, 10a Dartmouth Rd, SE23.

DUREX gloves and rubber surgical appliances sent under plain cover. Write or call for our free price list now. Piertag, Dept. N.N., 34 Wardour St, London, W1.

FREE interesting list and 'Family Planning' Guide. Durex; Rendells; tonics and surgical goods: Sample 2s. 6d. sent under plain wrapper CMS, 3 Lower Priory, Birmingham 4.

LET me trace your ancestry. Genealogical research. All kinds. Box 3674.

SCHOLARSHIPS

A MENDELSSOHN Scholarship of £400 for Musical Composition will be offered for competition early in 1959, preferably for travel or study abroad. Students under the age of 30 and ordinarily resident in Gt Britain or any part of Ireland will be eligible. Particulars from the Hon. Sec., Mr J. R. Stainer, Redcote, 48 Port Hill Gdns, Shrewsbury.

SIDCOT School, Winscombe, Somerset. (Co-educational boarding school under Quaker management). One Entrance Scholarship, £100 per annum, open to boys aged 11 to 13½ on 1 December 1958 for entry September 1959. Awarded on examination to be held in March. Full details from Headmaster.

SCHOOLS

INDIVID. teaching in group for children retarded by emotional difficulties. Mrs Flynn BA, 12 Lambolle Rd, NW3, SWI. 365[illegible].

NEW Sherwood School, Epsom, parent-owned, progressive and co-educational, encourages children to explore their world and master its skills with friendly co-operation rather than authoritarian pressure from staff and parents. We welcome inquiries from parents of genuinely progressive outlook who wish to take an active interest in the development of their children.

THE Town and Country School, 38-40 Eton Avenue, NW3 (SWI. 3391). Small group weekly or full boarders accepted, boys and girls 5-18. GCE Advanced and Scholarship standard. Week-ends & Sum. holidays, Hedgerley Wood, Chinnor Hill (16 acres woodland, Chiltern Hills 750ft). Realistic approach to modern education. E. Paul, PhD; M. D. C. Graham, MA (Oxon).

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3 Bedrooms, 2 Reception Rooms. Secluded Patio, Garden and Garage. Electric Central Heating.

£5,750/£6,000. 99 yrs. Low G.R.

Details from Sole Agents
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115 Baker Street, W1. Welbeck 8181.

OPERA AND BALLET

THE ROYAL OPERA HOUSE COVENT GARDEN

THE ROYAL BALLET

1, 5 & 7 Nov. at 7.30	Ondine
4 Nov. at 7.30 & 8 Nov. at 2.0	Lady & the Fool, Agon, The Firebird

COVENT GARDEN OPERA

3, 6, 8 & 10 Nov. at 7.0	Boris Godunov (in Russian)

Rep. incl. The Bartered Bride, Samson, Aida (in Italian), Rosenkavalier.
COV. 1066.

THE THEATRE ROYAL NEWCASTLE

Touring Opera 1958 presents

GRAND OPERA

3-8 November.

Mon.	The Bartered Bride
Tues.	Don. Giovanni
Weds.	Cav. and Pag.
Thurs.	Carmen
Fri.	The Barber of Seville
Sat. (Mat.)	The Bartered Bride
Sat. (Evg)	Madame Butterfly

Evenings 7. Sat. Mat. 2.30

SADLER'S WELLS THEATRE

Tel. TERminus 1672

OPERA SEASON

1 & 14 Nov.	Samson & Delilah
5, 7, 13 & 15 Nov.	The Merry Widow
6, 8 & 12 Nov.	The Flying Dutchman
11 Nov.	Falstaff

Evenings 7.30.

OPERA Circle. Sun. 16 Nov. 1958 at 8 p.m., Institute of Contemporary Arts Gallery, 17-18 Dover St, W1, 'The Flying Dutchman', Wagner. Intro. by Dennis Arundell, illus. by Elizabeth Fretwell, John Larsen, David Ward, Harold Blackburn. At the piano: Tom Hammond. Partics: Hon. Sec., 69 Kensington Court, W8. WES. 7513.

THEATRES

ARTS. TEM. 3334. Tu/Fri. 8, Sat. & Sun. 5 & 8. 'Garden of Loneliness'. Mems.

IRVING. WHI. 8657. Non-Stop Intimate Revue. 3-yr fr. 2.30, Sun. 4. 9th Ed. Call or send 27s. 6d. for mems tkt & free mag.

ROYAL Court. SLO. 1745. Mon. to Fri. 7.30. Sat. 5 & 8.15. Wd. 2.30. Samuel Beckett's 'End-Game' & 'Krapp's Last Tape'.

TH. Royal, E15. MAR. 5973. Evs. 8, Sat. 5 & 8. Brendan Behan's 'The Hostage'.

TOWER. 7.30, 31 Oct, 1 Nov., 'Lower Depths'. 7, 8 (Mems. 9), 13, 14, 15 Nov., 'Pillars of Society.' CAN. 5111 (6-8.30), CAN. 3475 (before 6). Canonbury, N1.

UNITY. EUS. 5391. 'Call Me Not Naomi', Ruth Messinger. Fri.-Sun., 7.45. Mems.

CONCERTS

PIANO RECITAL
by
ERNEST KYNASTON
at Wimbledon Town Hall,
Thursday 6 November, 7.30 p.m.
Brahms, Chopin, Schumann
Tickets: Maxwells, WIMbledon 4276, & Ernest Kynaston Piano School, WIM. 0168.

ST Cecilia Trio. Royal Festival Hall Recital Rm, Sat., 8 Nov., at 8.15. Trios by Mozart, Mendelssohn, Dvorak. WAT. 3191.

PROKOFIEV – 5th & 8th Piano Sonatas. Recital and talk by Mr Frank Merrick, FRCM, Fri. 31 October, 7.30 p.m. at SCR, 14 Kensington Sq., W8.

HORNIMAN Museum, London Road, Forest Hill, SE23 – Free Concerts Wednesday evenings at 7.45 p.m.: 5 November: Indian Dances by Vasanti Asirvatham Selver: Interspersed with films on music and dancing in India. 12 November: The History of the Military Band by students of the Royal Military School of Music, Kneller Hall. Conductor: Mr R. Bashford, ARCM, PSM, School Bandmaster and Assistant to the Chief Instructor. 19 November: Rumanian, Bulgarian and British Folk Songs by Esther Salaman (mezzo-soprano) accompanied by Paul Hamburger. Seats may be reserved on application to the Curator. Light Refreshments avail. 7-7.40 p.m.

ENTERTAINMENTS

EVERYMAN. HAM. 1525. Until 2 Nov: Bergman's 'The Seventh Seal' (X). From 3 Nov.: The Gorki Trilogy: 'The Childhood of Maxim Gorki' (A).

ENTERTAINMENTS—continued

ACADEMY Cinema (GER. 2981). Morning Shows daily 11 a.m. (ex. Suns). A Prog. of Films on 'British Graphic Art' (U).

ROXY. BAY: 2345. W/c 2 Novr, Audrey Hepburn, Fred Astaire, 'Funny Face.' U. Paul Douglas, 'The Leather Saint'. U.

LAST opportunity to see full-length Colour Film, 'Highland Birds', commentary: James Fisher, Royal Festival Hall, Sat., 15 Nov., 3 p.m. All seats bkble, 10s. to 2s. 6d

ICA, 17 Dover Street, W1. Johnnie Ware Quartet playing Jazz for Dancing, Today 1 November, 8-11 p.m. Members 3s. and their Guests 5s.

RIALTO Socials for Over-30's. Lic. bar, dancing, 7-10, Sun. 2 Nov. 5s. inc. ref. Bull & Mouth, 31 Bloomsbury Way, WC1.

MEET Soviet Guests & Artistes at Islington Town Hall, Sat., 8 Nov., 8 p.m. Incl. brilliant comedian Boris Brunov. Res. tkts 3s. 6d. & 5s.: BSFS, 36 Spencer St, EC1.

EXHIBITIONS

ANNOUNCING the opening of the new Gallery at the USIS Cultural Affairs Building, American Embassy, 41 Grosvenor Square, W1. '17 American Artists' exhibit from the American Pavilion, Brussels International Exhibition 1958. Exhibit open 1-22 Nov.: daily 9-6, Sat. 12.30-4.30.

PASTERNAK – a selection of the work of Leonid Pasternak illustrating 'The Russian Scene'. Prolonged until 4 November. Weekdays 12 noon-6 p.m. Suns 3-6 p.m. Marevna – Exhibition of Paintings by Marevna including portraits of Matisse, Rivera, Picasso, Modigliani, Gorky and an original portrait of Marevna by Picasso. Open from 7-30 Nov. Daily 2-6, Suns 3-6. Both at Pushkin Club, 46 Ladbroke Grove, W11.

MARLBOROUGH, 17-18 Old Bond St, W1. André Masson Retrospective Exhibition. Opens 1 Nov. 10-5.30. Sats. 10-12.30.

ARCADE Gallery, 28 Old Bond Street, W1. Some important Italian and Spanish Paintings, 1450-1650. 10-5. Sat. 10-1.

WHITECHAPEL Art Gallery: Jackson Pollock Retrospective 1912-1956. Opens 6 November. Weekdays 11-6; Sundays 2-6; closed Mondays. Admission free. Adjoins Aldgate East Station.

HAMMERSMITH Gallery, 9a Kilmarsh Rd, W6. 'A Family Affair' – drawings & paintings by Florence Zerffi, Strat Caldecott, Oliver Caldecott. Daily (except Sundays) 10.30-6.30, 1-15 November inc.

ICA, 17 Dover Street, W1. Three Collagists: E. L. T. Mesens, John McHale, Gwyther Irwin. 5-29 Nov. Admission 1s. Members free. Weekdays 10-6. Sats 10-1. Library: Drawings by Lin Show Yu. 5-29 Nov.

DISCURIO, London's fascinating new music, record and hi-fi shop in Shepherd Market, invites you to its exhibition of Dance and Opera Silhouettes by Lotte Reiniger, 9 Shepherd Street, W1. HYDe Park 6939.

BARNETT Freedman and John Minton. Two exhibitions of paintings, drawings and graphic art. Arts Council Gallery, 4 St James's Square, SW1. Till 12 November. Mon., Wed., Fri., Sat., 10-6; Tues. & Thurs., 10-8. Adm. 1s. (admits to both exhibitions).

WELLCOME Historical Medical Museum, The Wellcome Building, Euston Road, NW1. The Microscope and Zoology in the Nineteenth Century; Electricity in the Service of Medicine; and other exhibitions. Mon.-Friday, 10-5. Adm. free.

POLLOCK'S Toy Museum and Toy Theatres. Admission free. Open 10 a.m. to 5 p.m. 44 Monmouth Street, Cambridge Circus, WC2.

DRIAN Gallery, 7 Porchester Place, Marble Arch, London W2. Paintings by Keith Simon. Alexandre Ycal, Baranowska. 3 November-22 November. Daily 10-6 except Sunday.

WOODSTOCK Gallery, 16 Woodstock Street, W1. MAYfair 4419. Paul Branson, 27 Oct.-8 Nov. Denis Lowson, 27 Oct.-22 Nov. 10-6. Sat. 10-1.

WADDINGTON Galleries. Water colour drawings & paintings Patrick Hall; Recent paintings Petley-Jones. 9.30-6. Sat. 9.30-1. 2 Cork Street, W1.

ROLAND, Browse & Delbanco, 19 Cork St, W1. Heiliger: Sculpture – First Exhibition in England

SCHOOL Prints, Ltd, 13 Motcomb Street, SW1. 2,000 colour prints and lithographs always in stock. Picture hire schemes. Sculpture replicas and photographs. Special framing undertaken by Motcomb Frames, Ltd, 13 Motcomb Street, SW1.

EXHIBITIONS—continued

LEICESTER Galleries, Leicester Sq, Merlyn Evans – New Paintings, Staite Murray – Pottery, Vlaminck – Early Wood-cuts, Lithos. 10-5.30. Sats. 10-1.

GALLERY One (GER. 3529). Christoforou New paintings. Oct.-Nov.

LECTURES AND MEETINGS

WHAT ARE THE PROBLEMS OF PARLIAMENTARY GOVERNMENT IN WEST AFRICA?

Discussion meeting; African students, members of parliament, political scientists. 8.00 p.m. Wed., 12 Nov., at 1 Hans Crescent, SW1. Invitations from Secretary, Hansard Society for Parliamentary Government, 39 Millbank, SW1.

UNIVERSITIES & LEFT REVIEW CLUB

Charles Taylor and Alasdair McIntyre: 'Christianity and the New Left'. The Marquee (next to Academy Cinema), Oxford St, W1. MON. 3 Nov. 7.30. 2s. Mems 1s.

LONDON Schools Left Club, 7 Nov., 5.45, Julius Silverman, MP, 'Forty-one Years of Soviet Russia'. 7 Carlisle St, W1. Entrance 9d., members free (School students only).

C. A. R. Crosland on 'Who Governs Britain?' Fabian Autumn Lecture, Caxton Hall, Wed. 5 Nov. 7.15. Admission 2s. 6d.

UNIVERSITY of London: The Stamp Memorial Lecture, entitled 'The Board of Trade', will b[illegible]ted by Sir Frank Lee at 5.30 p.m. [illegible]nber at the University of Lon[illegible]use, WC1. Admission free, w[illegible]ames Henderson, Academic R[illegible]

UNIVERS[illegible]ndon. Free Public Lecture [illegible] Au[illegible]erm 1958. Thurs. 13 Nov. at 5.3[illegible]urstfield, Elizabeth I. 1558-1603. [illegible] Nov. at 5.30. The Rickman Godlee L[illegible]ure by Sir Arthur Bryant, Samuel Pepys. Complete list of public lectures from Publications Officer, University College London, Gower St, WC1. (Stamped envelope required.)

'THE Great Experiment in American Literature.' Fourth of 7 lectures on Tuesday evenings, 6.30 p.m., presented by The Cultural Affairs Office, American Embassy, 41 Grosvenor Square, Carl Bode, Cultural Attache, American Embassy, speaks on 'E. E. Cummings and Exploded Verse,' 4 Nov.

SHAW Society: Page Arnot on 'Shaw in his 60's; 7 Albemarle St, W1. 31 Oct., 7 p.m. Non-mems. 2s. 6d. Enquiries: 45 Steeplestone Close, London, N18.

THE Linguists' Club, 20 Grosvenor Place, SW1. 8 November at 6 p.m. Mr E. Moonman: 'Individual Expression'.

LONDON Ashbridge Circle. Monthly lectures at the Eccleston Hotel on current affairs and the arts; social activities, etc. Subscription £1. Write Membership Secretary, LAC, 18 Manor Way, South Croydon, Sy.

BUDDHIST Society, 58 Eccleston Square, SW1. Public Lecture, Wed., 5 Nov., 6.30 sharp. 'Buddhism in Japan', Richard Crewdson. Read 'The Middle Way' for all Buddhist news and views, 2s. 10d. quarterly post free. Information on meetings and classes, TAT. 1313.

S. PLACE Ethical Society, Conway Hall, Red Lion Sq., WC1. Sun. 11 a.m. 2 Nov. George von Hilsheimer, 'Religious Education in America'. Write for free 'Record'. Chamber Music Concert, 6.30 p.m.

INDIAN Institute of World Culture. Fri. 7 Nov. 8.30 p.m. 'Nuclear Disarmament'. Mrs P. Darvell. Robert Crosbie House, 62 Queen's Gdns, W2. PAD. 0688. Adm. free.

'THE It and Freudian Theory', Oscar Köllerström, Caxton Hall, Caxton St, SW1. Mon. 3 Nov., 8.15 p.m.

'LOOK Through My Living Eye.' Pictures, verse, music. Dramatic sequence by Antony Bates. 3.30 Sat. 8 Nov. Weigh House Church Hall, Binney St, Opposite Selfridges. Pacifist Universalist Service Group.

THE West London Ethical Society, 13 Prince of Wales Terrace, Kensington High St, W8, Sun., 2 November, 6.30. Music & Readings. 7 p.m. George von Hilsheimer: 'A Missionary Humanism?' (with coffee after the discussion).

YOGA: 'The Clouds of Ignorance'. Sun. 2 Nov. 3 p.m., 2 Glenloch Rd, NW3.

SPIRITUALISM proves survival. Lectures and demonstrations daily, London H.Q., 33 Belgrave Square, SW1. BEL. 3351.

LECTURES AND MEETINGS—continued

'COMMUNITY Living', speaker & discussion (Group in formation): Watford Branch Progessive League, Thursday, 6 Nov., 7.45 p.m. at Cookery Nook, 93 The Parade, High St (Near ponds), Watford.

ICA, 17 Dover Street, W1. Art: Jackson Pollock. Hans Namuth's film on Pollock will be followed by a discussion conducted by David Sylvester. Thursday 6 November 8.15 p.m. Members 1s. 6d. Guests 3s.

THE Art Workers Guild, 6 Queen Square, Bloomsbury, London, WC1. Open meeting Friday, 7 November, 1958, 6.30 p.m. for 7 p.m. precisely. Subject: The Work of the Civic Trust. Speakers: Mr R. Furneaux Jordan, FRIBA, and Mr Michael Middleton (Secretary of the Trust). Visitors will be welcome and are invited to take part in the discussion. Refreshments.

CHILDREN and Art: lecture by A. Barclay Russell. Finsbury Central Library, Skinner St, Rosebery Av., EC1. Tues. 4 Nov., 8.30. (arr. Finsbury Art Group.) Non-members 1s. 6d.

UNITED Lodge of Theosophists, Robert Crosbie House, 62 Queen's Gardens, Paddington, W2. Public lecture. Sunday, 2 November, 8 p.m. 'Moral Education'.

'JEWISH & Christian Views of Jesus.' Tuesday 4 November at 7 p.m. Kings Weigh House Church Hall, Binney St, Oxford Street, W1. Mr. A. I. Polak & the Rev. W. W. Simpson, Chair: the Dean of St. Paul's.

RAMAKRISHNA Vedanta Centre, 68 Dukes Ave, Muswell Hill, N10: Swami Ghanananda, Suns. 3.30 p.m.: Sanskrit Class for Beginners (free). 5 p.m.: Bhagavad-Gita. Thurs. 13 Nov., 7.30, Kingsway Hall, Holborn: Fundamentals of Vedanta: (iii) This Universe. Vedanta magazine 2s. 6d.

PUSHKIN Club, 24 Kensington Park Gardens, W11. PARk 7696. Fri. 31 Oct. 8 p.m. Dr D. M. Lang: 'Radishchev and Catherine II'.

PERSONALIST Group. R. Benjamin, J. B. Coates and F. H. A. Micklewright on 'Secular or Religious Education?', Conway Hall. Friday, 7 Nov., 7.30 p.m.

CONWAY Discussions, S. Place Ethical Soc., Conway Hall, Red Lion Sq., WC1. Tues. 7.15 p.m. 4 Nov. Mrs Fanny Lines, BSc: 'Humanism in Everyday Life'.

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